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Our Nation Under God



REALIZE THE DREAM OF A LIFETIME! JOIN CHRISTIAN HERALD'S 1954 TOUR

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Sail from New York, March 23, 1954, on our own exclusive and splendidly equipped cruise ship, the SS SILVERSTAR. Party members will have the benefit of talks, discussions and seminars that will make the trip all the more interesting and all the more worthwhile.

Turn to page 24 for an excellent account of what awaits members of this party.

RIGHT NOW, take the first step toward joining this unusual Mediterranean cruise and Bible-Land Tour by writing for information.

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Entries will be judged on aptness of thought, clarity of expression, and general appeal.



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FIRST PRIZE is a 35 foot ROLLOHOME, value \$4,595, and an all-expenses paid trip to Miami, Florida, January 28 through 31, 1954, during the Florida Mobile Homes Show. (Trip changed from Atlantic City, New Jersey as originally stated to Miami, Florida.) PLUS \$200 cash and six months free parking accommodations in one of the country's finest mobile home parks. (Winners select location).

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All in the Family

Busy mother, caretaker to an "assorted spoiled miscellany" including two dogs, a turtle and, briefly, a mouse, Mildred Geiger Gilbertson found time to write hundreds of children's stories (they were published, too!). "The Crab Apple Tree" (p. 21), her second venture into fictional adulthood, was inspired by a real tree in



Iowa. Now an Oregonian, author Gilbertson ponders: "The crab apple tree was old, yet each spring it blossomed like a bride. I wish I had its indestructibility!"

Hoosier-born-and-bred Don Jennings is a Methodist parson and radio personality of Nappanee, Indiana (pop., 3,393). After twenty-five years of urban as well as rural pastorates, "I enjoy the smaller communities best." Where does he get ideas for articles such as "My Monday Morning Letters" (p. 19)? "Through my contacts with parishioners." On your good behavior, Nappanee!

This is Valley Farm, to which Horace G. Smith gives you a heart-warming in-



roduction on page 6. President of Garrett Biblical Institute for 21 years, Dr. Smith leaves July 31—"retire" seems hardly the word for it—to go "with Mrs. Smith to England and Europe, where I will preach in Paris, Rome, London and the little village of Mendham, from which my great-grandfather was indignantly escorted because he installed a power loom."

In August, a revelation that will rouse your indignation, "What's a Treaty with an Indian Worth?" Not much, to our current national shame, proves Northwesterner Richard L. Neuberger. . . . How you can help an alcoholic. . . . What a courageous young lady in Texas has done with the remarkable place she calls Girlstown, U.S.A. . . . A practical sermon, "What Is the Answer to Suffering?" . . . How to start a church building program right side up.

Christian Herald

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational . . . dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace, the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy at home and abroad, and to cooperation with all who seek the establishment of a more Christian world.

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JULY, 1953

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FREDERIC C. DECKER, Associate Publisher

CHARLES A. JOHNSON, Advertising Director

RUSSELL ROSE, Circulation Manager • CARROLL M. WRIGHT, Director of Public Relations

ADVERTISING MANAGERS

WILLIAM J. McVEY, Jr., Eastern • PHELPS PRATT, Central

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES

**LAURENCE S. HEELY, Jr.,
35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 11, Illinois**

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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DOCTOR



POLING

ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS

Church Coffee Hours

● Do you believe in "coffee hours" in the church after services—for instance, on Sunday morning or Sunday night? There is too much of this feeding the body business and too little soul-saving.

OHIO

(Mrs.) M. E. W.

I agree with you that we can overdo this matter of "coffee hours" and entertainment. Whenever we offer such substitutes for the direct and all-embracing Gospel message, we fail our Lord and Saviour. On the other hand, Jesus honored physical ministries. He Himself fed the people, satisfied the hunger of their substance, even as He satisfied their starving souls. I like "coffee hours"!

"For Thine Is the Kingdom"

● Why are the words, "For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever, Amen," as found in Matthew 6:13, omitted in the new Revised Standard Version of the Bible?

OHIO

(Mrs.) M. H.

I believe the words, "For thine is the kingdom and the power," etc., were in none of the earliest original manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures. I nevertheless like them immensely and I am glad they are found in the King James version.

Shared Memories

● Many years ago I read a little book titled "Titus, a Comrade of the Cross." I would like so much to find it again. Do you know the publisher?

ILLINOIS

(Mrs.) J. O.

I read this same little book when I was a boy. The David C. Cook Company, Elgin, Illinois, may still have copies of it. This question revives many fine old memories.

The Need for Advertising

● I love CHRISTIAN HERALD, but I am distressed because of the advertising that fills the pages and that crowds out inspiring articles that might appear. Can't something be done about this?

FLORIDA

(Mrs.) G. F. S.

I often feel that way about advertising pages. As an editor, I would like to see all the pages devoted to articles,

stories—and my editorials. But if it were not for the advertisements and for the advertisers who believe in us and find it profitable to advertise with us, the articles, the stories and my editorials would never appear. CHRISTIAN HERALD must earn its way. It is a free, independent, unsubsidized journal. No denominational board and no other agencies contribute to us.

Without advertising we would need to triple our subscription price!

The National Council

● Do you not think that you went too far in saying, "The National Council of Churches . . . never will"? This referred to the charge that the National Council of Churches has denied the virgin birth. Should you not have said, "I do not believe the National Council ever will"?

NEW YORK

(Mrs.) L. Z.

The one asking this question is correct and I stand corrected. I am not omniscient, but I do not believe the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. will ever deny the virgin birth!

His Name in Vain?

● Are such expressions as "O my goodness," "O law me," "I bet" and "Gracious me" considered taking the Lord's name in vain? Do you advise using them?

NORTH CAROLINA

(Mrs.) E. E.

Certainly these expressions do not take the Lord's name in vain. As to their use, it is up to personal taste.

Tithing

● Must tithes, or a tenth of your income, be paid only to your own church? Or may you contribute from the tithe to other worthy programs and projects?

CALIF.

(Mrs.) A. D. N.

You may and should contribute from your tithe to other worthy programs and projects, but always your own church should be first. Also, many tithers believe and practice the principle that the tithe is the debt they owe and that what they contribute beyond the tithe is their gift to the Lord.

Recognition After Death

● What justification is there for the belief that there is recognition beyond the grave?

KANSAS

C. M. H.

The entire Gospel story is filled with the assumption that there is recognition beyond the grave. Read the 14th chapter of John's Gospel. If human personality is immortal, then there must be recognition. Consciousness of the continued existence of my beloved dead, the "knowledge" that I shall meet and know them, is more real to me than some of life's so-called "realities."

Miracles Denied

● Should a background of Unitarianism and the Baha'i World Faith Society prepare a man to preach in an Evangelical Protestant Church? And what do you think of a Lenten address in which the preacher denied miracles, saying that they were not scientific?

MICHIGAN

A. G.

"No," to the background described unless, of course, the clergyman forsook it entirely to give wholehearted support to the Evangelical faith of the pulpit in which he preaches. As to that particular Lenten address, as more fully described in your letter, it had no place in a Christian pulpit.

Hurried Devotions

● What do you understand by the term "Devotions"? I am thinking of a situation in which the so-called "devotional period" is hurried through with a poorly read portion of Scripture, the reading of a printed prayer, and accompanied by whispering all about. Is this a mockery or am I a fanatic?

IOWA

(Mrs.) H. W.

The "devotional period" described here is a mockery, and the one describing it is not a fanatic. True devotions are not measured by the length of the Scripture or prayer. It is the spirit, chiefly, that matters.

Broken Friendship

● A friend whom I loved with complete devotion has turned against me. I cannot and would not cease to love this friend. Is there hope for me and for the restoration of the friendship?

VIRGINIA

(Miss) A. B.

If I could take the hurt out of your heart, I would. This is my assurance for you: If your love is true and sincere, it can only help and not hinder the one you love. It is, finally, not what the other person thinks of you, how he acts or what he does—it is your own thoughts, words and actions that will be the determining factor. I shall pray that you may be led aright and that your friendship will be restored.

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VALLEY FARM

There new life was expected as surely as the changing seasons, but greeted always with reverence and wonder

By **HORACE G. SMITH**

ILLUSTRATOR: G. DON RAY

THE spirit of motherhood brooded over Valley Farm. In fact, it was dedicated to motherhood almost at once by the family which resided there during the closing decades of the last century and the opening years of this one. They moved to the place early in March, 1881, and on the 28th of that month the lovely young mother gave birth to a son—on her own birthday, by the way. The birth of this child so soon after their arrival consecrated the farm to motherhood.

There were other births, and new life was everywhere. Colts in the stalls, calves in the shed, pigs with silken ears in the pens, lambs in the folds, chickens newly hatched and kittens shyly carried out of hiding places by the nape of the neck. Baby birds were there, because like the swallows of old their mothers had found nests wherein they might "lay their young." This list might be extended to include rabbits, squirrels, foxes, and as the farm sale bills put it, "others too numerous to mention."

The boys—there were three of us—looked forward to the arrival of the young animals with eager interest. The birth of animals was expected just as surely as that "woodland nooks" would "send violets up and paint them blue." In those unsophisticated days no one had taught us the so-called "facts of

life," but we learned them in a very natural way. In fact, the morning conversation often began with questions about the appearance of Maggie's colt or the little red heifer's calf. Sometimes as the last act of the day's ritual of work, Father went out to the barn with a lantern in his hand to see that "everything was all right." On the rare occasions when he found a newborn colt he would report, and then the whole family, like the wise men of old, went out to stand in awe before this new life in the world.

A visit to the barn at night under these circumstances was something not easily forgotten. The building itself loomed larger than ever in the darkness. When the side door rolled open, the horses standing or reclining in their sleep stirred nervously at this disturbance of the nightly routine. The shadows thrown by the lantern cast strange silhouettes of the horses against the stalls. These shadows, along with the cattle's heavy breathing and chewing, made the barn seem an eerie place. When we came where the young colt lay or stood on spindling legs, odd emotions rose up within us. We wanted to touch this new life, and yet we were half afraid to do so. The sight of the mother exhausted by her travail, yet both glad and proud as she greeted us,
(Continued on page 34)

PARABLE



WITH TWITCHING WHISKERS

AT THE HEART of "Mont Lawn" is "Children's Temple," scaled for youngsters. But two weeks at the Christian Herald Children's Home are more than two weeks in church. Every building at "Mont Lawn" is in its own way a sanctuary. Every adventure is a parable. Every happy shout of pure delight is an eloquent Doxology.

Going to camp at "Mont Lawn" means two weeks of Christian living, two weeks of unfolding faith for children from the city tenements who never have been told that God lives in life as well as in churches.

At "Mont Lawn," even the twitching whiskers of a patient rabbit speak of the wonder of creation. The throb of a heart beating under white fur gives a boy or girl a sermon he will never forget.

There was the child who proudly brought to Nature House a bird's nest with its tiny blue egg—and then put it back with quick tears when he understood what he had done. There was the girl who was afraid to sit on the grass "because of the animals"—her name for the tiny myriad creeping things that live in the out-of-doors—and a week later admonished another camper, "Don't kill that bug! If God didn't think it was important, He wouldn't have made it!"

Learning what God thinks is important—this is what the children of the slums need to learn and this is what "Mont Lawn" tries to teach. Not alone through bugs and bunnies and blue eggs. Not alone through the cooperative fun of working and playing together. Not alone through looking up at stars for the first time, and waking early for a glimpse of the sunrise. Not alone through eating at tables where there is enough food, and sleeping in beds that are clean, and breathing deep lungfuls of air that is fresh.

But all these help. Given meaning by the old, old Story of God's love, then every stone and brook and living thing preaches its own silent sermon.

Without your help, there can be no story, no sermon. Without your gift, some wistful boy or girl may never see the stars this summer—only concrete and fire escapes and littered city lots.

With YOUR gift, with "Mont Lawn" in his memories, a child may learn how to take God with him wherever he goes. Your investment in children NOW, helps to build a better world tomorrow.

**JUST \$15 GIVES A CHILD TWO
WHOLE WEEKS AT "MONT LAWN"**



Christian Herald Children's Home
Business Office: 27 East 39th Street
New York 16, New York

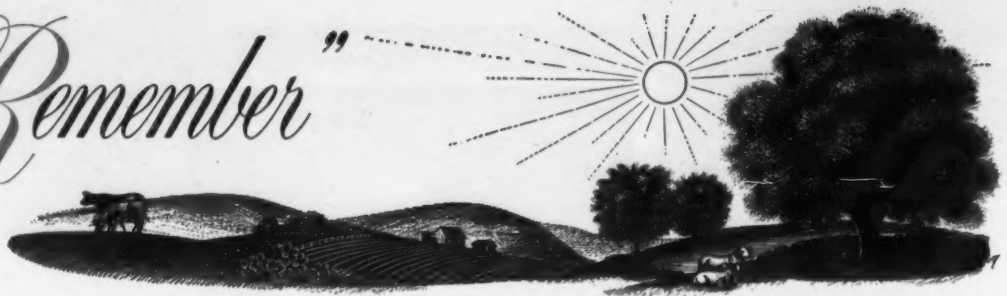
BEFORE the summer is gone, before my opportunity has passed by, here is my gift of \$_____ to help some needy child have two wonderful weeks at "Mont Lawn."

NAME

ADDRESS

- ☐ Send me free booklet, "Dreaming Up Tomorrow's World."
- ☐ Tell me, without obligation, how to include Christian Herald Children's Home in my will.

"I Remember"



Edited by KENNETH L. WILSON

WE HOLD these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. (From the Declaration of Independence.)

Dear God, I know I may not be
Important by myself;
But maybe I can stack the books
On someone else's shelf.

—James J. Metcalfe

From M. Ballentine, Summerville, Pa.



*I know three things must always be
To keep a nation strong and free.
One is a hearthstone bright and dear,
With busy, happy loved ones near;
One is a ready heart and hand
To love and serve and keep the land;
One is a worn and beaten way
To where the people go to pray.
So long as these are kept alive,
Nation and people will survive.
Go, keep them always, everywhere,
The hearth, the flag, the place of prayer.*

CLARENCE FLYNN

From Mrs. F. L. Redfield, Opheim, Montana

*The roses red upon my neighbor's vine
Are owned by him, but they are also mine.
His the cost, and his the labor, too;
But mine as well as his the joy to view.*

*They bloom for him, and for me as fair
As for the man who gives them all his care.
Thus I am rich because a good man grew
A rose-clad vine for his neighbor's view.*

*I know from this that others plant for me,
And what they win, my joy may also be;
So why be selfish when so much that's fine
Is grown for you upon your neighbor's vine?*

—A. L. GRUBER

From C. C. Witmer, Puente, Calif.



THANK God! I—I also—
I am an American!

—Daniel Webster

God fashioned such a perfect form,
Of downy, pale peach bloom;
And dotted curls on its wee head,
Until there was no room.

He dipped His paint brush in clear skies,
And made two eyes so blue;
Then touched the brush to rose petals,
For lips of loveliest hue.

Reluctantly, His arms held out
This precious dream to me.
I reached, on tiptoe, to accept
Life's sweetest ecstasy.

—LILA MYERS

From Mrs. Howard Ahrens, Reading, Pa.

THE BEST DAY—today. The greatest mistake—giving up. The most expensive indulgence—hatred. The cheapest, easiest, stupidest thing to do—find fault. The greatest trouble maker—talking too much. The worst bankrupt—the soul that has lost its enthusiasm. The meanest feeling—jealousy. The greatest need—common sense. The best gift—forgiveness. The greatest sin—prayerlessness.—FRANK CRANE

From Mrs. Belle H. Wade, Clanton, Ala.

Don't try to live tomorrow
Before you live today.
To live each moment as it comes
Is far the better way.
Tomorrow you may never see,
But surely if you do,
God, who helped you live today,
Will help tomorrow, too.

—Author Unknown

From Lydia A. H. Devitt, Batavia, N. Y.



"Good-night, my son," I try to smile,
But choke with tears that are unshed;
I will not think of him as dead,
Just that he's sleeping for awhile.

I'll close my eyes and so recall
The happy years, and save instead,
Pity for those who've never said,
"Good-night, my son," at all.

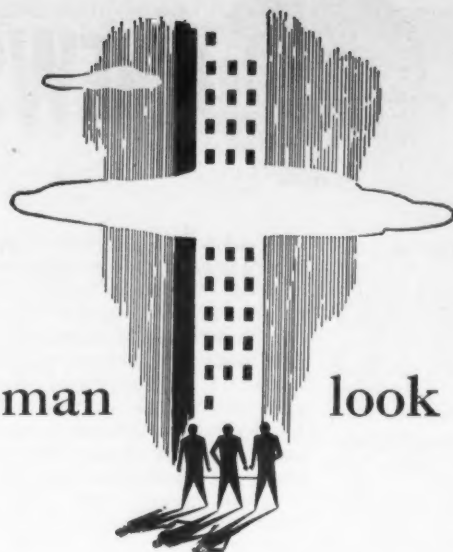
—MYRA BURNHAM TERRELL

From Gertrude McKelvey, Lansdowne, Pa.

What is your favorite quotation or bit of verse? Include source and author and your own name. Sorry, no items acknowledged or returned, and no original material used.

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

The three-man look



We've always liked the story of the building so tall it took three men, each looking where the other left off, to see the top of it.

This tall story is now true, instead of whimsical. There are projects afoot in the United States today so complex and vast that 10,000 scientists and engineers of different talents would be useful as a task force "to see to the top of them."

One project of this complexity is atomic energy—or, if you prefer, the atomic bomb. Was it a chemical problem? Or electrical? Or a physics problem? Or mathematical? Did it call for exploration in metallurgy, thermodynamics, radiation, electronics, or what? All were involved. More likely, fifty subdivisions of knowledge needed exploring.

No single mind, no matter how many degrees after his name, knew one tenth of the total answer the nation now has in its hands. No single explorer ferreted out the answer. An integrated task force of


thousands contributed specialized thinking, bit by bit.

Even so apparently simple a thing as the electric lamp was brought to brilliance by a parade of names. Edison, Coolidge and Langmuir supplied the shoulders other men stood on to see further.

Developing jet engines, million-volt x rays, steam turbines, gas turbines, fluorescent lamps, motors, refrigerators enlisted first a troop, then a regiment, then an army of diversified research and engineering skills at General Electric.

Teams are now exploring germanium (and its transistor children), cyclotrons, silicones, computers, or such defense assignments as electronic gunfire controls, atomic submarine propulsion, plutonium production, guided missiles.

Today, out of General Electric's 226,000 employees, one in twenty is an engineer. The new products you see are both the *cause* and *effect* of this engineering force.

You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL  ELECTRIC

• AT HOME •

ALLIES: There's no use quarreling over spilt recriminations. Both Britain and the U. S. are lands of the free. There and here people can say what they want to say, and they don't always want to say the same things. Instead of belaboring Mr. Attlee, or apologizing for Senator McCarthy (as twelve Boston clergymen had the curious compulsion to do), we can take heart that west of the Iron Curtain it is the inalienable prerogative of men to disagree, whether their disagreements make sense or not. And there are two other lessons the exchange of adrenalin has made us teachable enough to learn.

(1) There is nothing of lasting importance we can buy with dollars. How much we expected to buy is clear from angry Congressional mutterings calling for reprisal slashes in foreign aid. For all our national wealth, we Americans are surprisingly stupid about money. We overestimate its worth. But money won't buy friends. Nor peace. Nor happiness. Nor loyalty. We underestimate the tremendous intangibles, while Russia—most materialistic country in the world—plays them up, however cynically. In Korea, we offer enemy pilots \$100,000 for a MIG; Russia offers them the world! Money is useful. It has its place. It will buy bread—but not souls. We can learn that much from our long-distance duel. Britain is not for sale—and she wouldn't be worth a plugged thruppence if she were!

(2) Britain and the U. S. are a universe apart on Red China. It is just as well that we are reminded of it now.

TORTOISE TRACKS: While the North has been running an overconfident hare's dash to racial justice, the South has been plodding along at a visibly unspectacular but cumulatively astonishing clip. How far the South has come is evidenced by the selection of a Negro woman, Mrs. Leah Sykes Young, as Virginia's "Mother of the Year." Mrs. Young baked pies and sewed dresses to help educate her fourteen children, most of whom completed college. Even though in final eliminations at New York, the winner was someone else (see page 11), Mrs. Young's—and Virginia's—achieve-

ment remains inescapably significant.

And in Georgia, than which no state is more "Southern," Atlanta voters chose a Negro for a major office for the first time since Reconstruction days. Dr. Rufus E. Clement, president of Atlanta University, received 22,000 votes for a school board seat to 14,000 for his white incumbent opponent; more than half of the ballots for Dr. Clement came from Atlanta's white voters. As he said, "The people of the South are far ahead of what some think they are."

PEACE: We hold no particular brief for bandleader Artie Shaw, one of the dabblers in Communism called before the House Un-American Activities Committee. How guilty or innocent or repentant he happens to be is not ours

to judge (and we doubt that it is the committee's, either). But there was one point in his testimony that must give every American pause. He was telling the committee that only recently he was asked how he could have been so naive as to join the obviously-Communist American Peace Conference. Shaw said he replied, "Do you know of any other peace conference I can join? I want peace—get me a Republican peace conference." Newspaper reports say that some spectators in the jammed hearing room laughed at this—and some burst into applause. We're in the ranks of the applauders.

AMULET: At the risk of seeming to oppose mothers, little children, and many other good and useful "causes," there's something we want to get off our chest. That's the spate of unordered trinkets arriving on our desk in recent months. We've had everything from address labels to billfolds, personally-engraved ballpoint pens and plastic-encased newspaper clippings—each with a request that it be paid for, the merchandise seldom of a size to fit into the return envelope (which always requires a stamp). One of these unrequested gadgets aroused our re-



THE RIGHT APPROACH

cent and particular ire: a small metal plate embossed with the Lord's Prayer. The enclosed letter said: "The Lord's Prayer Medal is sent to you as part of the ——— Campaign. May it bless you and yours with good fortune, health, and happiness."

That, in our estimation, hits a new low in fund raising. Preying upon religio-superstitious sensibilities, it attempts either to elevate a piece of metal or debase the Prayer itself to the status of a good-luck charm, one attempt being as spiritually illiterate as the other.

BIG FOUR: Theoretically above politics, the Joint Chiefs of Staff—made up of heads of the three services, plus a chairman—is the nation's top military planning body. The impossibility of separating foreign policy and military policy is obvious at the drop of such words as "Korea," "NATO" or "MacArthur." Mr. Eisenhower inherited, along with the biggest national debt in history, Mr. Truman's JCS, supporters of the Democratic Europe-first policy. Now the President has chosen his own team. Chairman is *Admiral Arthur W. Radford*, replacing General Omar Bradley. Radford was Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet, favors stronger action against China. *General Matthew Ridgway* replaces General Collins as Army Chief. He leapfrogged from Korea to NATO, now to the Pentagon. (General Greunther takes his place as head of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.) *General Nathan Twining* succeeds General Vandenberg as Air Force Chief of Staff. *Admiral Robert Carney* comes from the Western Mediterranean NATO command to replace Admiral William Fechteler. Tour of duty of the new Chiefs has been cut to two years, at the behest of Defense Secretary Wilson, civilian boss of the top brass. You won't often see the names of the JCS in the headlines, but they're on the job, and they're Ikemen.

TIDELANDS: Borrowing the last-ditch digging tool of Congressional reactionaries, the liberals staged a filibuster against the offshore oil bill. They didn't call it a filibuster, of course. It was "a campaign to educate the American people." You may be interested in one of the items that went into the cost of your apparently unsuccessful education. Senator Wayne Morse (Ind., Oreg.), who carried the brawl for the opposition, hung up 22 hours of continuous speechmaking, a record that makes the late Huey Long's talkathons practically laconic. To jam Morse's twenty-two hours of "education" into the *Congressional Record* alone required 90 pages. Then the Senator thoughtfully filled another 45 pages

with letters and telegrams he had received on the subject, so that no spark of wisdom might be lost. Total, 135 pages. Cost per page to print the *Record* (up since our last report), \$84. By our figuring, that comes to \$11,440 out of the taxpayers' pockets—and they weren't even asked if they wanted to take the course.

COURIER'S CUES: A garden plot, last item on construction agenda of UN headquarters building project, is under way. . . . Statehood for Hawaii this session seems down the drain. . . . Anthony Eden's serious illness will keep him out of government for several months, maybe wilt his political future. . . . Eisenhower's money men are talking up a national sales tax. . . . The 3rd National Boy Scout Jamboree comes July 17-23, at Irvine Ranch, Calif.

The Department of Labor estimates membership in U. S. unions at about 16,500,000, a three-year gain of one million. . . . Medical finding: more twins are born to left-handed persons and to those who stutter than to right-handers and non-stutterers. . . . Nearly 9 out of 10 U. S. farms are electrified.

Ex-President Truman's memoirs will be published after '54 elections.

• ABROAD •

CHURCHILL: He is for peace. So is President Eisenhower. So is Senator Taft. So are Mr. Attlee and Mr. McCarthy. So was Mr. Chamberlain, the umbrella diplomat. The disagreement now, as then, is over how to get it. Sir Winston (we'll have to get the hang of his new title) is for an immediate four-power conference. President Eisenhower feels there is no point in having that conference until Russia demonstrates her sincerity; he did agree to the three-power meet at Bermuda. Sir Winston talks of a new-type Locarno pact, whereby Western powers would guarantee Russia against another German attack, Germany against a Russian attack. Queries *The Economist*, one of Britain's best magazines, "What would be Germany's eastern frontier, which a new Locarno would guarantee?" No German government would accept the present Oder-Neisse line that gives a slice of Germany to Poland. *The Economist's* estimate of the Churchill bombshell: a blunder.

EXEUNT: Charles de Gaulle, prima donna politician, has staged another walkout from the French scene. Netled that his Rally of the French People (R.P.F.) party made a dismal showing in spring local elections, the General announced that his followers are on their own, will not operate as a party until conditions change.



RNS PHOTO

MOTHER OF THE YEAR: Mrs. Ethlyn Wisegarver Bott of Belleville, Ill., is the first stepmother ever chosen "American Mother." A Methodist, Mrs. Bott is active in church work and, according to her four stepchildren, now college graduates, "tops as a grandmother," too.

foundly." They will have to change profoundly to return De Gaulle to power. Once the R.P.F. was the largest group in Parliament, holding 115 seats out of 627. Then thirty deputies quit the party in a quarrel with the highly combustible General, pushing down the R.P.F. to an equal position with the Catholic Popular Republican Movement, and behind the Communists (96 seats) and Socialists (104). The local elections were the last humiliation that DeGaulle could endure: from 25 per cent of councillor posts, the General's followers dropped to 10 per cent. That did it. "Good-by," said the General, staging another of his always-dramatic exits. "I won't play unless I can win."

LEFT BANK: In those same local French elections, the Reds rolled up a startling total. In every pre-election season, the government pooh-poohs Communist influence. Then comes the election and the Reds are there in force—this time with the usual one-fourth of the total vote. It means that five million Frenchmen, one out of every four voters, are ready to go along with Communism. Stalin may go and Malenkov come. The U.S. may pour in billions of aid. NATO may flex its biceps. The French government may stage an anti-Communist drive. Frenchmen may die in Indo-China. Comes an election, and still one out of four. The imponderable facing Pentagon planners: if trouble comes with Russia, what about American troops in France? Where will they be finding their enemy?

SUEZ: Britain has held the canal zone for 16 years, lifeline to the East that



LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL

"MARCH FOR CHRIST": Some 2500 men marched through Louisville, Ky., streets for the opening service of a two-week Evangelistic Mission held in the Armory. The marchers, whose families were already seated at the Armory, were led by a Salvation Army Band, represented more than 15 denominations.

has lived unbroken through two World Wars. The zone, more than a waterway, is a complex of airfields, bases, communications facilities and ordnance depots worth more than a billion dollars, and is occupied by 80,000 British troops and civilian technicians. General Mohammed Naguib, consolidating his newly-won position of leadership, has delivered the ultimatum his people have urged for years. "We have washed our hands of talks," he has announced. "We will pay for independence with the hot blood of our sons." Britain is reluctantly willing to get out, if (1) Egypt allows the technicians to stay on to take care of installations, and (2) some defense arrangements can be made with the West. Naguib wants all or nothing. Prime Minister Churchill has told Commons, "If our troops were to be the object of attack, we should have no choice but to defend ourselves." Then he added soberly, "We are capable of doing this."

UNWELCOME TRADE: Canada is concerned about certain imports. A special Senate Committee has been investigating more and better controls to stop the influx of obscene books and publications. The angle of the problem that should give every U.S. citizen a flush of chagrin is the fact that 90 per cent of the inundation of smut and obscenity is not from Russia, not from China—but from the United States. The Committee calls on Canadians to back up the fight "with all the force of public opinion." The Senators' reasonable conclusion: "In the world-wide struggle between the forces of darkness and evil and those of good, the freedom-loving democratic countries have need

of all the strength of their moral fiber to combat the evil threat, and anything that undermines the morals of the young, and of the older citizen, is a direct un-Canadian act." Undermining that moral fiber—greedy and unconscionable Americans!

• CHURCH NEWS •

JUNGE GEMEINDEN: In East Germany, faith is costing young people a high price—and they are paying it! The Communist government last summer began its attack on church youth in the controlled press. The fantastic charge: the Evangelical Church's *Junge Gemeinden* (Young Congregations) was an intelligence organization directed by "American spies and agents"! For a year, the pressure increased. Church young people were brought to police stations, questioned at school, subjected to pressure to break the backbone of their convictions and faith. Over 1000 young Protestants have been expelled from school, giving up for their faith their chance of an education. What a testimony to the rest of us, young and old, whose Christianity has been less costly!

UNIVERSITY: The Japan International Christian University has opened at Tokyo with a charter class of 199 students, realization of a 50-year dream. What's so different about this school? Its name tells the story: Japan—International—Christian. The university's purpose is to train leaders to meet the country's need in the fields of education, public affairs and social work. Academic standing is high and based on "the common and complementary values of the Christian religion and democratic philosophy." It is open to qualified students of all lands, regardless of race, color or creed—with expectations of facilities for 550 undergraduate and 300 advanced students by 1957. Funds for the institution's buildings and endowment were raised in the U.S. by a Foundation in which 14 major Protestant denominations participated. The churches were alert to an unprecedented opportunity.

SCHOOL: Johnsburg, Illinois is another ominous example of church-state amalgamation that makes Protestants wonder if they are looking at a preview of Roman Catholic intentions. A Lutheran mother charges that the elementary school, run by public funds, is in effect a parochial school. Her complaints: the principal and all five teachers are nuns who wear the garb of their order while teaching; textbooks include material "devoted to the promulgation of a sectarian religious faith"; rooms are adorned with Catholic religious objects and mottoes;

regular class hours are sometimes used to instruct pupils in Catholic prayers; the starting time for morning sessions is determined by the time of completion of religious services in the near-by Roman Catholic church.

Johnsburg is 97 per cent Catholic. Instead of excusing the situation, this fact makes it more interesting. Anyone can strive for religious freedom when he is on the receiving end of that freedom. What he does with freedom when he is on the big end of the stick is enlightening.

FURNACES: Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, after demolishing the catch-all methods of the House Un-American Affairs Committee (he demonstrated, with the help of the *Washington Post*, that the committee's dossier on himself was a hodge-podge of hearsay, unverified clippings, plain gossip; and, more seriously, that this weird collation was available to any and all comers), made a speech to a group of Methodist clergymen from 25 states that we think is even more significant.

His point: American church leaders are kept too busy with administrative problems to do the creative thinking necessary for leadership of the Christian movement in a period of world crisis. Bishop Oxnam's own job requires that he keep in touch with Methodist churches in his area, all 1,691 of them. "I visited every one of those churches, 20 churches a day for 80 days," he said. "I never looked at so many furnaces in my life." There's not much time for reflective thought in

HEADS SOUTHERN BAPTISTS: Newly elected president of the Southern Baptist Convention is Dr. James W. Storer, pastor of First Baptist Church, Tulsa, Okla. At First Church since 1931, Dr. Storer is also president of the Trustees of Oklahoma Baptist University.

RNS PHOTO



CHRISTIAN HERALD

that kind of assembly-line bishopric, agreed. But it's an enervating ailment of the whole church. There are too many "furnaces" also in the lives of pastors and laymen.

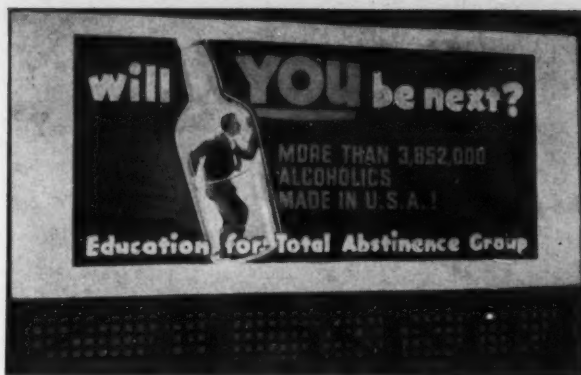
No one wants an ivory-towered religion, but it would be at least a step forward to get religion out of the cellar.

HELL: Norway has been in a ferment over the subject. It all started when a leading Lutheran theologian told a radio audience, "The minute you drop dead on the floor, you drop right down into Hell. How dare you sleep peacefully if you don't know whether you will wake up in your bed or in Hell?" Within a few days the radio network and newspapers were flooded with letters, most of them protesting the scaring of people into Christianity. A bishop joined the fray. "Certainly," he said, among other things, "it would be much closer to Jesus' own spirit to seek to win people by showing more love and understanding." Immediately he was consigned to what promptly became known as the "Anti-Hell" group, with a demand made for his ouster on grounds that he denied his profession when he opposed the radio preacher. Others lined up for and against.

Whatever Norwegians thought publicly about Hell, most of them privately agreed with the bishop in his thankfulness "that on doomsday we will not be judged by theologians and church potentates, but by the Son of Man himself."

IN BRIEF: Last year, the American Bible Society distributed 13,369,030 Scripture portions, including 825,647 complete Bibles; the whole Bible is now published in 197 languages, the entire New Testament in 257 more, portions of the Bible in 690 additional languages. . . . At the end of 1952 there were 18,004 American Protestant missionaries serving abroad, an increase of 3000 in two years. . . . More than 5000 persons visited the Upper Room Chapel during two days set aside for the formal opening. . . . The world premiere of "Martin Luther" in Minneapolis attracted 29,000 viewers during its first week.

A newly-constructed Christian Endeavor headquarters building at Columbus, Ohio, will be occupied by September 1. . . . A total of more than 80,000 commitments was gained in an 8-state southeastern evangelistic campaign of the Methodist Church. . . . Baptists in Russia have increased 900 per cent under Communism. . . . The Iowa Junior Chamber of Commerce calls on Americans to observe July 2 as a day of prayer. . . . Southern Baptists, in convention assembled, adopted a basic budget of \$8,750,000. . . . and dissolved their Committee on



FAMILY FIGHT: Two enterprising families of Kokomo, Ind., have pooled funds and determination in a personal fight against alcohol. The Bennie Whitacres and the George L. Ehrmans, now joined by others, designed and placed this billboard poster, also manage spot radio announcements locally.

Relations with Other Religious Bodies.

Portland, Oregon, has a new Protestant weekly newspaper. . . . Nearly 2000 CO's are now performing alternative civilian service. . . . A bill to provide cheaper postage rates for audio-visual aids has been introduced in Congress. . . . George Bolton, pastor of Christian Herald's Bowery Mission has been reelected president of the International Union of Gospel Missions.

• TEMPERANCE •

TRAVELING TIPLERS: Northwest Airlines DC-4 flights, except coaches, are now serving liquor. When Minnesota's WCTU objected, the Minneapolis-St. Paul metropolitan airports commission declined to act. One commissioner said it was up to the airline. Another said it was up to the interstate commerce commission. Actually, it's up to Northwest's customers and potential customers! Said one of the line's officials in explaining why Northwest was the first in this country to serve alcohol aloft and why the "service" was now being extended: "Our public demands it." Does it?

And in the East, commuter trains of the New York and New Haven Railroad are being fitted out with club cars for the serving of liquor. A regular practice on through trains, it's the first time alcohol has come to the commuter short runs. Once a wife had to worry about her husband passing a saloon on his way home from work. Now the saloon rides along with him!

JUSTICE: There's poetic justice in Catawba County's (North Carolina) plan to set up an alcohol education and rehabilitation program. For the money is coming from surplus funds of "legal" liquor stores. The County Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, operator of the stores, itself asked the state legislature for an enabling bill, and got one. So now—the unique spectacle of a liquor-selling operation underwriting the distribution of educational literature on the evils of alcohol, and the

sending of alcoholics to the state treatment center for turning them back into useful citizens! That's the way it ought to be. Since liquor does the damage, let liquor money undo it. Eventually somebody will realize that it's less trouble all around just to stop pushing people over the cliff than to keep on picking them up at the bottom.

BLOCK: The Protestant Episcopal Church's joint committee on alcoholism sponsored its first conference at Plainfield, New Hampshire, to look into how best to deal with the problem. Better treatment for the alcoholic, was the principal recommendation, with only one broad blow on the preventive end: the general promotion of mental and physical health as a deterrent to alcoholism. A representative of Alcoholics Anonymous suggested to the conference that the Church "stop preaching that drinking is sinful." He said this teaching "creates additional social and psychiatric blocks and is often harmful to the chronic drinker."

If drinking is not sinful, what is it? An act of worship?

HOUSEWIVES: The annual convention of Wine & Spirits Wholesalers recently met at Miami Beach. Harry G. Serlis, president of Schenley Distributors, held forth on population shifts to the suburbs and the increasing control by housewives of family purse strings. The two together, he said, have revolutionized America's retail markets in the last 20 years. Drawing upon a survey of women shoppers' habits in the nation's 20 largest metropolitan trading areas, he noted that 40 per cent of the housewives surveyed now purchase their family's wine and liquor during regular shopping hours. Twenty years ago, only 12 per cent said they bought the family's alcoholic beverages. Commented Mr. Serlis, "This is the best possible safeguard against the dries' efforts to bring back prohibition." Looks like the Women's Christian Temperance Union is aiming at the right target!

The letter **THAT BUILT** *a foundation*

On the 8th of May, 1953, the David C. Cook Foundation was notified that it had been designated sole owner of the David C. Cook Publishing Company. The transfer of all Cook company stock to this non-profit organization for Christian education is a monument to the purpose of the former owners ...and an event of major importance to every Christian teacher.

Dear Friend:

I want to share with you the spiritual enrichment I have recently experienced through fulfillment of a long-cherished dream.

The David C. Cook Foundation, a not-for-profit organization dedicated to the furtherance of Christian education, has been designated the sole owner of the David C. Cook Publishing Company.

All individual stock holdings have been assigned to the Foundation. All present and future earnings of the company therefore will be applied to the development of the Laboratory for Christian Education and other Foundation Projects.

Already in full swing is the IAH Club, a youth evangelism program with over 150,000 members from 9 to 19 years of age.

Other projects now under consideration include: a nationwide drive, through special radio programs, magazines and letters, to encourage more adults to teach Sunday school and encourage Sunday school attendance; national surveys to determine the urgent needs of Sunday schools and then answer those needs; a program to provide more and better teacher training materials.

I know you will find it rewarding to realize that now every cent of the money you spend with the David C. Cook Publishing Company for teaching tools will be applied directly to the advancement of Christian education.

We at David C. Cook are humble in the face of this new responsibility which so clearly expresses the progressive objectives of our company.

Yours in Christian Fellowship,

David Cook III

DAVID C. COOK

PUBLISHING COMPANY

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Child
Evangelism

Recruitment
of Teachers

Encouraging
Sunday School
Attendance

Researching
Sunday School
Needs

Objectives of the Foundation

Training
Teachers

- 1** To promote the love of God.
- 2** To instill in everyone Christ's message
"Love thy neighbour as thyself."
- 3** To further the advancement
of Christian education methods.
- 4** To further the evangelical cause
of winning souls for Christ.
- 5** To teach knowledge and
acceptance of the Bible as a guide
in daily living.
- 6** To provide superior Christian
teaching-tools.
- 7** To further the cause of the
Sunday school by providing
consulting service on your problems.



Editorially Speaking...

● STOP SLANDERING THE AMERICAN SERVICEMAN!

THIS writing finds me in my CHRISTIAN HERALD office for the first time in seven weeks. Since late March I have visited seventeen countries, twenty-nine major cities and flown 34,765 miles. I spent the first two weeks in Japan and Korea and on the Island of Formosa, with our chaplains and troops, or with their civilian advisers. I visited the 32 children's homes and orphanages maintained or supported by the Christian Children's Fund. This Fund, with which CHRISTIAN HERALD is closely identified, maintains or contributes to the support of 105 children's homes in 23 countries. Three of these institutions are our own—two on the island of Formosa and one, the Faith-Love Home, in Hongkong. Our fourth home has just been "adopted" in Korea! In a later issue I shall write of other matters that are associated with this most crowded of my overseas missions. But here and now I would identify myself with our lead article, "What's the Truth About Japan's G. I. Babies?"

As of my own first hand observation and knowledge,

Mr. Murphy is right. Thank God for that! Thank God, too, that not too many people will "seem disappointed."

For God's sake, for the nation's sake, for youth's sake—stop slandering the American uniform. Shame upon those who have done this evil thing.

There is another charge, equally indefensible—the charge that the use of narcotics by American troops serving in the Far East had reached "serious" proportions. I visited every front line division in Korea. I found absolutely no justification for the charge of drug addiction among servicemen. To the contrary, there is less of this, decidedly less, than is reported among young people in American cities. The man in uniform is not an angel nor is he the weakling indicated by these indefensible charges. He is a cross section of our country's life. The Army is not a reform school, but if your son and mine has been given basic home and church training, the Army will send him home as decent as he was when he went away—or better than that.

● THE IMPERATIVE CALL OF THE CHAPLAINCY

IN MY OPINION the chaplaincy in the Armed Services today—Army, Navy and Air Force—offers clergymen of every faith the greatest opportunity to serve their fellow men, young men, here and now. If I could, I would persuade every seminary graduate, Catholic, Jewish and Protestant, to accept a "tour of duty" in and with the uniform of his country.

It is inevitable that, for an indefinite and unforeseeable future, the overwhelming majority of all American boys will wear that uniform. At home, overseas, in forward positions or in rear echelons, in combat and out, the nation's youth will train, fight, suffer and die for the security and peace of their country and of the world. The physically incapacitated, of course, will be exempt from military service—also the comparatively few who retain their civilian status as conscientious objectors. Nor should it be overlooked that these last also have their part, however indirect, in the military occasion. In the world today, citizenship is committed to battle or to preparation for battle. Taxes finance the event and they are inexorable. And the man who goes to prison, rather than into training, is supported there, even as his brother is made ready to fight.

The chaplain ministers to all. He is God's man for service to his fellow men. Only the younger clergymen may choose the uniform but all ages may still minister in civilian life. It is difficult to believe that in the next decade some millions of American boys who have engaged in military activities will not have a very special regard for the preacher, priest or rabbi who also wore the uniform. My own long experience has

taught me that, other things being equal, the chaplain understands all men better, reaches them more quickly, ministers to them more fully than one who has not known the opportunities and ordeals of the chaplaincy.

Here I would have a care lest I place an over-emphasis on, or seem to disregard, those clergymen who have served and will continue to serve our home churches. They keep the home base. They attend to the foundations upon which the whole structure of freedom stands. They, too, are indispensable. But the immediate emphasis is and should be—indeed, *must* be—upon those moral safeguards and that spiritual guidance without which the nation's youth in uniform cannot be kept physically sound and morally fit.

At this writing only the Jewish faith has an adequate program for bringing seminary students into the chaplaincy. The Jewish quota is always full because the Jewish faith responds automatically to its quota call. But there is a shortage, and the shortage may presently assume tragic proportions, in Protestant and Catholic quotas. Every theological seminary, every placement agency of the churches, every influence of our several faiths should concentrate upon the imperative task of enlisting priests and preachers for the Chaplains Corps.

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD



What's the **TRUTH** about Japan's G.I. Babies?

Wagging tongues of gossip are spreading sordid tales about our troops abroad.
It's time we examined the facts—not fiction—surrounding a realistic problem

By U. G. MURPHY

A PREACHER and missionary for sixty years, I am obviously against sin. It is a sin of grave proportions when a man—any man—brings into the world—anywhere in the world—a child without name or welcome. It is a sin against God and most of all a crime against the helpless waif summoned irresponsibly into a hostile society.

I do not minimize the dastardliness of the wrong, whether perpetrated by civilian or G. I., whether in the setting of Maple Avenue or the Ginza.

But there are also other wrongs of staggering dimensions. And not the least of these is the sin of the savored retelling of unsavory tidings. Sinners of this stripe are "respectable" people. They would no sooner lend themselves to an overt evil act than they would cut off their right arms. Yet they take

secret delight in tilting eyebrows at sordid rumors and passing on the stories. They are the Minute Men (and Women) of Muck. Their scandal-mongering—in the sheep's clothing of outraged Christian morality—smears whole groups of Americans.

One of the groups most casually and consistently smeared is the armed forces. No segment of the population receives more sidelong glances of holy horror than youth in uniform. Our troops are not above criticism. But when the American people are fervently willing to believe the worst of the G. I., we are neither patriots nor Christians. Churchgoing Pharisees who publicly and audibly take heart for their righteousness from the magnified un-

righteousness of soldier and sailor not only blunt their own sensitivity to justice, but heap up the burden of anxiety already carried by every G. I. home.

That too many of us are too ready to believe any tale, however bestial, in which a soldier is cast as villain, has been nowhere better illustrated in recent years than in the general dismay over the number of "G. I. babies" in Japan. Outraged statements, assuming guilt, were issued not only by religious leaders in Japan, but in the United States. These spokesmen apparently made no serious attempt to verify their sweeping condemnations. They were satisfied, even titillated, to pass along what they heard, snowballing the story in the process.

It was about a year ago that American attention was first riveted upon the

ILLUSTRATOR: BERNARD BARTON

J. C. Penney

LINES OF A LAYMAN

CHARACTER IS OURS TO DEVELOP



THIS nation has often been compared to a pendulum which suffers its swings of public opinion from one extreme to another, but whose resultant course is one balance. However, to achieve that goal of national balance, we must first achieve it among the majority of our individual citizens. Let us consider then what we can do to help the individual, and what better place to start than with the young boy or girl who is still malleable enough in his ideals and outlook to profit from sound guidance given in the spirit of helpfulness.

Such a subject should deal fundamentally with the formation of character. No man is born with character, which may be defined as the quality of leadership, or the ability to do great things. It is rather a product of one's development throughout the years. The next time you see a person you greatly admire, I invite you to look back over his history. You will find that he is just like you in that he made mistakes, he had fears, he worried at times, and he often became discouraged. But while some people rise above their problems and overcome them, others become submerged by them.

problem. With gasps of dismay parents read *the accusation that there were 200,000 illegitimate children in Japan, born of American soldier fathers and Japanese women mothers*. Pious gossipers greeted the morsel with much tongue clucking and no little lip smacking. Even coolheaded onlookers began wondering what lecherous monsters were these, who wore the uniform of the United States? Relatives of Army of Occupation troops worriedly puzzled how they could have failed so miserably to give their sons moral stamina.

Eventually, doubt of the report began to grow, but there seemed to be no way of getting at the facts. Requests to Japan brought only a reiteration of the 200,000 estimate, or an increase beyond it.

It didn't sound reasonable to me. I knew something about Japan. I went there in 1893 as a missionary of the then Methodist Protestant Church. I had originated cases in the Nagoya local court that resulted in the annulment of the "contracts" between owners of brothels and prostitutes, which annulment made it possible for women to quit at any time their jobs as prostitutes. I had written "The Social Evil in Japan." I knew that a moral breakdown follows a war anywhere, but the figures seemed to be all out of line.

My chance to get at the truth came last August, when I returned to Japan as a guest of the Iino Kaiun Kaisha, newly-formed Japanese shipping company. Upon my arrival there, I spent most of my time speaking in the

churches and mission schools, and in investigating the many problems connected with the presence of American soldiers.

One of the first things I heard in Japan was a new estimate of the G. I.-fathered illegitimate populace. I was told very soberly by a leader of the Japanese Women's Temperance Union that *the number was probably nearer 300,000 than 200,000*. Still, no facts.

The Japanese government was certainly in a position to get the truth, and I requested the Welfare Department to make a nationwide survey. The request was promptly turned down. I requested again—and again, determined that American troops should be either exonerated from the charge that made them appear to be a mob of sex-crazed youth, or that the accusation be substantiated so that the churches and schools and homes of America might repent of their unfitness.

There was another reason also for making a survey. While I was still in the United States, I had been told that a bill had been introduced in Congress to permit the G. I. children free entrance into America, outside the quota, if it could be proved that they were actually the children of American soldiers.

Because Tokyo was unusually hot last August when I arrived in Japan, I went on to Hokkaido, where summers are never too warm (but where winters are abominable). I was a guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Uyeda, both prominent in the social and business

life of Sapporo. It was through them that I gradually became aware of the gross exaggeration of the number of G. I. babies.

Mrs. Uyeda, as chairman of the Women's and Children's Department of Welfare of Hokkaido, asked for reports from nearly all the sections of Hokkaido as to the exact number of these infant unfortunates. We were surprised to find that there were less than 200 for the entire Hokkaido area.

Meanwhile, after much pressure, the Japanese Welfare Department agreed to make a thorough nationwide survey. Five weeks were budgeted for the task, but before it was completed, two months had elapsed—demonstration of the care accorded the project.

Shortly after the Hokkaido baby census, the prefecture of Kanagawa, in which Yokohama and the great naval port of Yokosuka is located, also took stock. The reports showed 553, all told. When I added the cumulative figures to a later survey of Nagoya, my old home city of nearly sixty years ago, it became quite plain that there was only a small fraction of the 200,000 at first reported. Pro-rating the places surveyed, with the entire nation, I arrived at the conclusion that there might be 20,000 G. I. babies, but that 10,000 probably would be more exact.

When this information was made public none of the newspapers and people who were responsible for the broadcasting of that 200,000 figure retracted, though they did admit that there *might* be a few less than the number originally given out.

I asked the *Nippon Times*, a well-edited English paper, to give the matter editorial treatment. They did take up the matter, but insisted there were at least 40,000 or 50,000.

A few days after this statement was made, and shortly before I left for home on December 29, the Welfare Department released its census for the whole nation.

There were *not* 300,000 G. I. babies. There were not 200,000—nor even 20,000.

There were 5,013!

If the *Nippon Times* read the report they did not pay any attention to it. The survey did not get the attention it deserved in any of the leading dailies in Japan. The smaller papers and the country press did carry it and many comments were made criticizing the authors of the original statement and also attacking both the Japanese and American governments for not taking the whole matter more seriously.

The Welfare Ministry's survey was made by circularizing 5,443 Japanese obstetricians and 38,872 midwives
(Continued on page 44)



My Monday Morning Letters

By

DON JENNINGS

When you're grateful for help or inspiration, take time to say so. A word of sincere praise can go a long way toward making this a friendlier world

IT IS Monday morning and there are many things to be done. But I will sit down and write a letter of appreciation to the two persons who have inspired me most the past week.

This morning my first letter goes to the organist of our church who has been so faithful to her task. She never was paid much for it, but until now it was her church and she has given her ministry at the organ. This was her last Sunday before moving to another city. I believe she felt it in her playing.

To her I write: "I have a little custom, as you may already know, of writing at least two letters each Monday morning to those persons who have inspired me most during the week. To you I send one of these letters this morning. . ."

How did I happen to start this custom? Because I found from experience that a little word of encouragement helps all of us. It is nothing less than startling what a few words of appreciation may do for someone at the right time.

It is also startling what the writing of those words does for me. Without a doubt, I have received a greater blessing than the folk who have received them. There is a warm, worthwhile feeling in encouraging and complimenting instead of condemning. I have often wondered what would happen if everybody, for one week, would decide to look for the fine things rather than the faults in folk. We might be surprised at the number of good qualities we would see in those around us, and at the way we could help such people by telling them so.

I do not write these little letters of commendation to get letters in return. But grateful responses do come. Nor do I

limit my unofficial accolades to adults; often I send them to youth and children.

A young lad in a community where I was serving played an accordion solo one night. On the surface, it was a sad performance. Because of lack of experience he didn't do as well as he would have done a few years later. I wrote him a personal letter, praising him for his determination and willingness: "Keep at it! I know you have it in you."

His mother told me sometime later how embarrassed he felt after his solo. Then my Monday morning letter arrived.


"To think he would write and compliment me on *that!*" he told her. "I'll show him I can do it too." And he did—pushed gently by a few lines of encouragement when he needed them.

Not long ago I wrote a letter to a member of my congregation who was just starting in a rather difficult office of the church. A few days afterward he met me on the street and said, "You will never know what that letter did for me. If you have that much confidence in my ability, how can I fail?"

I have in my desk a letter from one of the leading television stars. He did something one evening that showed he was not ashamed to stand up for the ideals in which he believed. I don't even remember now what it was, but I felt a warm glow at the time. I wrote him a Monday morning letter, not expecting to hear anything in return.

He wrote, "We get lots of mail finding fault with things we do and say, and we want you to know that it is real refreshing to get words of commendation. It makes us want to try harder than ever"

(Continued on page 42)

A large, stylized illustration of a woman's face and hand, with three children in the foreground. The woman's face is the central focus, rendered in a high-contrast, almost woodcut style. Her hand is raised, with fingers spread, as if gesturing or reaching out. In the foreground, three children are looking up at her. On the left, a boy in a striped shirt and dark pants stands with his hands on his hips. In the center, a girl in a white sweater and dark pants looks up with a concerned expression. On the right, a younger child in overalls is crouched, holding a small doll. The background is a simple, dark landscape with a small house and some foliage.

Beyond the tree's gnarled
old limbs, Elizabeth saw
the strength and beauty of
an unyielding spirit — and
the way through an ordeal

A story by
MILDRED
GEIGER
GILBERTSON

THE CRAB APPLE TREE

ELIZABETH WYATT folded her hands inconspicuously under the frill of her blouse as she listened to the cultured rise and fall of Mrs. Lansvale's voice. The sight of her hands always increased Elizabeth's discomfort at these fortnightly meetings of the Art Club. Her hands so obviously—even more obviously than Elizabeth herself—didn't belong here.

"Farm-wife's hands," Elizabeth thought deprecatingly.

To the accompaniment of a polite spattering of applause, Mrs. Lansvale folded the completed sheets of her paper on Modern Art, and handed them to the secretary as she smiled her way from the platform. The secretary would give an impressive review of them to the weekly *Clarion*, and Elizabeth would read and reread it, working out meanings she hadn't quite caught tonight as she sat listening.

Wistfully, Elizabeth's eyes followed Mrs. Lansvale. Tall, white-haired, beautifully groomed, Mrs. Lansvale repre-

sented all that Elizabeth secretly admired. And the words Mrs. Lansvale knew! Why, she could talk of Rembrandt or Picasso or Corot in precisely chosen phrases that flowed as smoothly as a brook! Elizabeth herself stumbled wretchedly even over greeting her fellow members, and her one contribution to the discussions—when the chairman asked her directly for her opinion of Correggio's "Madonna and Child"—had been a stammered, "I think the Child must have been much loved. He looks so plump and happy."

How ashamed of herself she'd been that night, wondering, as on many another night, why she'd joined the club! She didn't belong here. These were town women, well-educated, well-read, eager to share their knowledge with each other. Elizabeth was only a spectator, hovering on the edge, thirstily drinking up what she could understand, contributing nothing herself.

The secretary, who had taken Mrs. Lansvale's place on the platform, was

ILLUSTRATOR:
JOHN FERNIE



concluding her remarks with the program for the next meeting. "... continuing our study of American painters we'll have Mrs. Winslow, who will discuss the works of John Singer Sargent . . . and for a glimpse of our own Iowa painter, Grant Wood, we'll call on Mrs. Jason Wyatt."

The name hit Elizabeth like a slap in the face. Mrs. Jason Wyatt! Why, that was she! They expected her to do a paper? Oh, no, no! But all the members took a turn. Yes, two ladies had usually spoken at each meeting since she'd been coming. It was inevitable they'd get to her! But a paper—

Blindly, not even pausing for polite good-nights, she stumbled from the meeting-room and ran outdoors to her husband where he waited, dozing, in the car. "Jake, oh, Jake, what'll I do?" she cried in despair, relating the calamity that had befallen her.

Jake put the car into gear, slowly released the clutch while he pondered. "Seems like you'd have figured on this paper business when you joined up."

"Oh, I should have!" Elizabeth mourned. "But it's the first town club I ever joined . . . I thought I could just go and listen."

She leaned her throbbing head on her hands, remembering the queer compulsion, the longings, that had driven her from the safe furrow of her usual routine to seek—what?

Knowledge to fill the gaps in her scanty book-learning? Words to give form to the puzzling emotions that stirred her at such ordinary sights as greening fields, or rows of dry corn whispering in the autumn wind? Or the old crab apple tree in the side yard, with its gnarled, stubborn limbs?

Such a crooked, ugly old tree to stir so much feeling inside her. Jake had wanted it chopped down when they'd first come here after their marriage.

"It's right where the driveway should run to the new garage," he'd said.

"Curve the driveway around it," she begged.

Jake had squinted upward. "It ain't as though it was much of a fruit tree, Liz . . . old and maybe past bearing. And only crab apples at that."

But he'd good-naturedly given in to her entreaty, and she'd taken strange comfort from the old tree all the years of her marriage. It was where she'd gone when it seemed her strength would never meet the demands of house and farm and the fast-arriving babies. It was where she'd prayed the time young Jason was so sick with pneumonia. And the night it seemed Bill would surely die after his fall from the haymow. And that other night before Aran's birth, when she'd asked God so fervently for a little daughter.

"Please, God, You know I love my

four sons so very much. Don't think me ungrateful if I ask You please, would you make this one a little girl? A daughter is a special thing, God . . . a small woman growing up close to her mother's heart. Understanding things as only women understand them . . ."

Now it seemed she must always love Aran a little more than the others to make up for that prayer that sounded almost as though she hadn't wanted him. Imagine not wanting dear, funny Aran, with his sober ways and long reflective silences and his head always in a book! Eleven he was last month. How fast the years had slipped by her as she worked and dreamed her restless, maverick dreams!

And now look what those dreams had got her into! A paper—pages and pages of words to be somehow strung together and read aloud before those

• • • • •

Petition

Dear Father, I've asked much of Thee
And Thou hast blessed me lavishly;
I thank Thee, Father, Thou hast given
To me a little glimpse of Heaven;
How selfish I, to ask so much
As if I seek to grasp and clutch;
Now this I ask, that I may live
Not to demand, but just to give!

—Louis Ellsworth Jaekel

• • • • •

critical, smart women! Elizabeth sighed deeply.

Jake reached over to give her knee an awkward pat. "I been thinkin', Liz, if that fellow's famous, wouldn't there be writin' about him in the library?"

"Oh, yes!" Elizabeth grasped at the straw eagerly. "Surely there would be. I could just copy it out. I'll go look tomorrow."

"I got to plow tomorrow," Jake shook his head, squinting at a cloud passing the moon's face. "Weather won't hold forever."

"The next day then," Elizabeth suggested, aware of the importance of the annual race between the plows and the spring rains.

But it was four days before Jake went to town again. Spring plowing was occupying all his daylight hours and some of his nights. The boys were all working hard. Jake had even added a hired man to help with the new acreage he'd taken on. The hired man's wife was a shiftless sort, mother of three rabbit young ones who ran wild and caused Elizabeth work and anxiety. But she made no complaint to Jake. Hired men were hard to get.

Elizabeth herself had really no free

time for the town trip. What with washing and scrubbing, a huge daily baking to keep her men-folks filled, new chicks to tend . . . well, it was enough to drive art from a woman's mind. If it hadn't been for Aran she'd have had half a mind to call Mrs. Lansvale and beg off giving the report.

But Aran had seized on the news of her forthcoming prominence with unexpected pride. "My mom's gonna give a paper at Art Club," she heard him telling the hired man's gaping young ones. "Next week's *Clarion* 'll tell all about it. I'll read it off to you."

"Now, Aran, there's nothing to brag about," she'd said, a little nervous at this publicity.

"Why, my teacher gave a paper at PTA and she was real proud that they'd asked her to! She says it's pretty fine you're taking such a part in club work!" Aran boasted.

"Oh, my goodness, you told her, too?" Elizabeth said faintly.

So of course there was no backing out of it. She couldn't let Aran down. And she wouldn't want to crush his flattering new pride in her.

She hurried her work, therefore, and caught rides into town whenever Jake or a neighbor drove in. Grimly she copied long paragraphs from the books the librarian gave her till her hand and back were one big ache, and the unfamiliar words swam before her eyes.

"Ain't you got about enough?" Jake asked, driving her home on an afternoon just three days before the crucial Monday of her meeting. Aran, who had come along for the ride, leaned forward in the back seat to listen. "You must've got enough to fill a book."

"I'm so slow," Elizabeth apologized. "I've got only six pages of Aran's notebook paper full. At the club, the ladies read ten or twelve pages."

"Maybe they write bigger," Jake suggested hopefully.

"They couldn't write bigger words, that's a sure thing," Elizabeth sighed. "There's some in my paper I don't even know how to say. But do you know something, Jake? The more I read about this Grant Wood fellow, the more it seems I kind of understand him, even if I don't always understand the words. He painted lots of farm things. Some you'd call downright ugly, even, and yet they weren't either."

"Like the crab apple tree, Mom?" Aran asked suddenly.

A jolt of wonder rocked Elizabeth's heart. She turned to look intently at Aran. "Why, yes, Aran, like the crab apple tree!" They smiled at each other, and then looked away in sudden shyness, but the glow lingered inside Elizabeth like a warm fire.

Emboldened by it, she turned to Jake
(Continued on page 60)



the Faceless Boy

Lonely, despairing, he wanted to die—until a phone call reshaped his life

By ROBERT LITTELL

ILLUSTRATOR: MITCHELL HOOKS

SVEN Bergquist, international hockey and soccer star and the idol of young Sweden, sighed as he went through his fan mail. How could he possibly answer all these letters? "Dear Svenne Berka (most of them used his nickname), please send me your autograph Can you spare two tickets for Sunday's big game? autograph tickets tickets autograph."

Suddenly a phrase jumped out at him. "I am writing you from the hospital. I have been here five months and have had many operations. I watched you play against Finland. Please come and see me."

This letter, says Sven Bergquist, "went straight to my heart." But he was busy and put it aside for a fortnight. He did not realize then that by the thread of that letter hung a life.

The letter, signed Arthur Svensson, was written by a 14-year-old boy recovering from the twenty-second attempt to give him what nature had left out: Arthur Svensson had been born without a face. He had two little holes where should have been his nose; and he was voiceless, for he

had no mouth at all. A coin come blank from the mint of life, of uncertain value or none.

Arthur was doubly unwanted. His parents had parted at his birth, dismayed perhaps by nature's savage mockery of their casual union. His father had gone away believing that the baby would not live—or would be allowed to die.

The doctor who made for the child a slit to eat and cry through must have wondered what his duty was to God's law and man's. There is no jury in the world, he must have said to himself, which would not forgive me if I put this pitiful object out of the misery so sure to be its lot.

Arthur's earliest memories are of hospitals, ether, bandages, pain and more pain. Then, less dimly, he remembers the orphanage where children with proper mouths and noses teased him: nights spent crying noiselessly beneath his blankets; days, months, years of walking from the orphanage to school, always alone.

He had only two friends at that time: a farmer who was lame, and the farmer's horse, so old and gentle that it would let Arthur crawl between (Continued on page 30)



EVERY READER OF THE BIBLE has wished that he might walk where Jesus walked, retrace in part the footsteps of Paul, see for himself the lands where the Christian Church sparked into life and from which it flamed round the world. This year, the greatest number of travelers in history will go abroad, many of them to what are commonly termed the "Bible Lands." To provide helpful information for those making the trip this summer or fall, to sharpen the dreams of those who will go next year, we asked recognized authorities to tell what a Bible Lands tour is like. Dr. and Mrs. J. Lane Miller have made ten trips to the Mediterranean area and are co-authors of the comprehensive Harper's "Bible Dictionary" and other books. Dr. Miller is pastor of the Methodist Church, Rye, New York.



Lands rich in spiritual tradition will impart to the thoughtful traveler a new understanding of the world's religions. Sight of the Martyrs' Cross, in the ruins of the ancient Colosseum at Rome, may stir the Christian to reevaluate his own faith.

Where

EVERY time we pack up for another trip to Bible Lands, we say to each other, "These countries yield greater travel rewards than any other part of the world." This is especially true if we approach them by way of the wide corridor of the Mediterranean Sea, with its wealth of beauty and spiritual cultures.

Nowadays, people are going to Bible Lands who a few years ago would not have made the venture. We know a couple, both over eighty, who circled "The Sea of the Ancients" last year and did it again this spring. A grandmother of ten young children thought "her turn" had come and she sailed to the Mediterranean last February, cares behind. A retired deaconess friend of ours is dipping into her savings, to realize her lifelong dream of walking where Jesus walked. Of course, a reasonable degree of health and a large amount of common sense are prerequisites.

By "Bible Lands" we mean not only Israel, the Kingdom of Jordan, Syria and the state of Lebanon (together formerly Palestine). But also Anatolian Turkey, seed-bed of Pauline

A journey to Bible Lands leads along the wide corridor of the Mediterranean to the area formerly Palestine (shown in color on map). In photo on facing page, a tree atop the Mount of Olives frames a panorama of Old Jerusalem.



the Saints Have Trod

By MADELEINE S. and J. LANE MILLER

churches; Egypt, whose influence upon Palestine began long before the time of Moses; Greece, whose excavated Athens and Corinth are high points for New Testament enthusiasts; the islands mentioned in Scripture, as, Cyprus, Crete, Malta, Rhodes; and of course, Italy. Too, we meet in North Africa, between Alexandria and the Pillars of Hercules at Gibraltar, many scenes which have a "biblical" look: outdoor story-tellers having the magnetism of prophets; threshing-floors; palm groves greater than those of Jericho; primitive means of hand-irrigation.

But there is no time to be lost if you wish to see in Bible Lands the scenes you hope to find alive there. Every day, camel trains "with their beads and bells," their burdens of wares are becoming less frequent on the hard-surfaced roads which replace the dirt caravan routes used for thousands of years along the Mediterranean coast or trade-routes from Egypt to Mesopotamia and Asia. Grazing flocks of yellow sheep and nimble goats are less often met on slopes of old Judea or hills of Galilee. "Patriarchal-looking" handmade

black tents are being supplanted by corrugated iron receiving-stations or by quickly-built agricultural colonies. Even the parched Negeb ("Southland") is being irrigated and mined for copper and iron near sites tapped by Solomon.

You will profit by seeing, in the laboratory of life in the Near East, historic transitions from old ways of poverty, disease, hunger, and drought to at least tolerable standards of living.

For it is high time to stop perpetuating the picturesque at the expense of minimal convenience and health. And this goes for Arabs as well as Jews.

There will be opportunities for you to walk on terrain of great interest—the "lunar landscape" effect of treeless Judean wilderness; the deep ditch of the Jordan Valley near Jericho; the snow-clad slopes of the Lebanon; framing Beirut harbor with towering

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHORS





Moslem places of worship, such as Istanbul's Blue Mosque of Sultan Akhmet I, with its six minarets, express a prayerful spirit common to all faiths.

grandeur; the gentler hills of fertile Galilee, carpeted each spring with the brilliant flowers called by many, "lilies of the field." One such crimson anemone which we plucked and pressed in our notebook as we meditated on the slope of the traditional Mount of Beatitudes is a perfect commentary on the words of Jesus, "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

A journey to Bible Lands is worth while even if careful financial planning or even sacrifice is involved. This is true for laymen, as well as ministers. Certainly, every well-equipped clergyman owes it to his calling and his congregations to see the lands where the lives were lived which became the basis of what we know as our Bible. If the minister cannot finance the trip himself, his official board will be wise investors if they assist him.

Who that has ever gone "down" to Jericho from Jerusalem can fail to get his directions exact in speech? Or who can travel "up" from the Kidron or Bethlehem without understanding those pilgrim songs of ascent, sung by the pious as they approached the city of the Great King?

After reading Acts 17 on windy Mars Hill, Athens, to a half dozen groups of travelers in one early evening hour of magnificent inspiration, we find it more exalting than ever to preach these historic words of Paul in our home church. Communion is ever more meaningful to us, since leading a prayer group in the Garden of Gethsemane, to which Jesus walked after participating in events narrated in John 13-17.

Every traveler will find favorite

scenes. The highlight for one earnest Christian came when, getting her first glimpse of the little Sea of Galilee, as she stood on "The Mount of the Beatitudes," she was stirred to tears.

Another traveler received his thrill when he craned his neck to "take in" the six 85-foot high remaining pillars of the Temple of Jupiter at Baalbek in the lofty plain between the Lebanons and the Anti-Lebanons—tallest columns erected in ancient times. "My!" he exclaimed. "When I look at this gigantic construction and the maze of other temple ruins all around us, I marvel that the young Christian faith ever uprooted them and made its own triumphant way! This entrenched paganism was certainly something to combat."

In biblical Palestine the land often

fits the Book as the glove fits the hand. One chance across many incidents which seem reenactments of specific verses.

One day, driving down from Nazareth to Tiberias through Cana where Jesus and his mother once attended a wedding, we actually passed a string of camels carrying a joyous party of Arab men and women to a village wedding. We wondered if they would have enough to eat and to drink in this Cana of Galilee today (John 2:1-11).

Again, one morning we were walking along the Sea of Galilee shortly before sunrise, and saw two men who might have been the fishermen of Luke 5:2, "washing their nets." Out in the off-shore water stood a powerfully-built "Peter," shoving his little boat to land. And—believe it or not—at that moment a small boy of Galilee, dressed in the discarded shirt of a soldier, approached us, holding in his hands "two fishes" (Matt. 14:17).

One night we walked by full moon out St. Stephen's Gate, Jerusalem, down the steep road to the Kidron Valley. Crowded against the slope by a passing camel train on its way to Jericho, we picked our way across the brook to the Garden of Gethsemane. We sat on the hill looking up to the sleeping city, from a point near the domed Russian Church of Mary Magdalene. We wanted to be where Jesus was betrayed, where he agonized, prayed, and was triumphed. But a soft-voiced Arab man whose well-built home was on the summit above us approached us and insisted that we come up to his house for coffee. No matter that his wife and children were already asleep. He "constrained" us to follow him. When we entered his ample living room, we saw asleep on the floor on their mats his wife and numerous boys and girls. They made us think of the sleeping habits of

(Continued on page 55)

A camel caravan seen on a Syrian road recaptures biblical days. Dirt routes thousands of years old are gradually being replaced by hard-surfaced roads.





Joe has Company

He sat on the porch at the County Home, and the lonely years passed by him. But everything changed the day the stranger came to town

A story by MYLES D. BLANCHARD

ILLUSTRATOR: FRANK McQUADE

THE old man sat in his rocking chair on the porch of Green Acres with his head bent forward. Green Acres was the name somebody had given the County Home to make it sound a bit softer. Joe Loomis wasn't asleep. What he was doing was counting the cracks between the boards. He'd done it often before and he knew the number hadn't changed but there wasn't much else to do, unless he spent his time remembering things that had happened years ago. Somehow one could get tired of doing that even, and so now he was counting the cracks.

Once in a while he would raise his head to watch the sun slowly sink to the blue foothills in the distance. He'd done this before, too—many times before. In another hour or so he would go to the men's ward and to bed. He wouldn't be really tired but once he got to sleep he wouldn't have to think and that would be good.

A noise at the far end of the porch

caused him to look up and he saw Sharon Wilson coming towards him and he smiled. Sharon was the daughter of Bert and Helen Wilson. Bert was the superintendent of the Home.

"May I sit down, Uncle Joe?" Sharon asked.

"I'd love to have you," Joe answered. "But why do you want to spend time with an old man like me?"

She sighed. "Well, Uncle Joe, for one thing I like you and for another my man is a long way off."

Joe nodded. "But he'll be coming home from Korea soon now."

"If everything goes well," she said.

"All will go well, Sharon," he said softly. "And then?"

"We'd like to get married, except you don't save money when you're in the army—at least not enough to buy a home." She looked wistfully at the setting sun. "I've always wanted a home of my own."

"I had one once," the old man said

slowly. "A farm. Up in Glenville where I came from."

"Tell me about it," the girl said.

The old man stirred.

"Well, it had about sixty good acres," he said. "The bank had a mortgage on it but I was sure I could pay it off, all things being equal, and I did. I owned it square and clear then." He was looking at the reddening sun. "Then I had a brother, Sam. And he had a wife and together they had a little boy, two years old, and one day Sam came to me and said he'd been to the doctor and he'd told him if he wanted to live he'd have to go to Arizona. That night I did a lot of thinking. Sam had no money and I had that farm." He looked at the girl. "What would you have done about then?"

"You sold it?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No . . . I loved the place. I went down and put another mortgage on it, only this time I wasn't able to pay it off. A year later I

got word that Sam had died, and something seemed to burn out inside me, and I lost my footing and my courage. The crops were bad, too, and the first thing I knew I'd lost the farm."

"I'm sorry, Uncle Joe," the girl said.

"I worked here and there without much purpose, I suppose, and then the first thing I knew I was an old man without anybody who cared much about me. Five winters ago I had pneumonia and somebody had to take me in tow, so the county stepped in and here I am. Been here ever since." He straightened up and looked at the last faint rays of the sun. "Failure . . . folks say I am. Money is what counts in the world today."

"I don't say so, Uncle Joe," she said.

"But you're not folks: you're Sharon. You're different, girl." He got to his feet. "Thanks for listening to an old man. It gets a mite lonesome here at times. You sort of hanker for people to be around you again. You want to hear young voices again and be a part of things that go on. I suppose that's what a person wants most when he gets old . . . just to be a part of things again."

It was a warm spring afternoon when a big roadster drove up in front of Marty Billings' Barber Shop in Glenville and its driver, a middle-aged, graying man, got out and entered the establishment. Marty had three or four customers waiting. The man hesitated in the doorway and said, "I'm looking for an old man named Joseph Loomis. Could any of you tell me where I can find him?"

Marty looked the customers over. "Isn't he at the County Home, if he's still alive?"

"Guess so," somebody grunted.

"Thanks," said the stranger and went back to his car.

Marty said, "Gosh, I hadn't thought of old Joe Loomis for years. Wonder if he is still alive."

"Doubt it," somebody else guessed.

But if the visit of the stranger caused a flurry of excitement in Marty's Barber Shop, the town of Glenville was thunderstruck when forty-eight hours later word got around that the stranger was George Loomis, Joe's nephew, and that he had bought old Joe's farm and was giving it back to him.

"And more than that," Bill Marsh, the druggist, was telling everybody, "he's giving him fifty thousand dollars in cash. Seems he made good out west and wants to help Joe out."

"THE POINT is," Joe said to his nephew, "I don't deserve all this."

"Must have been lonesome over the years," George Loomis said.

"In a way," the old man agreed. "In a way."

George Loomis grinned. "If what I

What America Means To Me



WHAT does America mean to me? I close my eyes and see a bridge spanning the years from colonial Virginia of the 1600's to the battlefields of Korea. I can hear my aged grandmother recalling memories of the Civil War and reliving the joy expressed by her mother when, at last, she knew that her sons and daughters would not suffer the shackles of slavery. I think of the favorite relative who fought at San Juan, of my youngest brother coming back from Normandy Beachhead wearing the Purple Heart, of the nephew wounded in Korea.

I can sing glad songs of America. I can sing sad songs of America. Glad songs of the "amber waves of grain" which gave me birth; of the "purple mountain majesties" looking down upon my early career; of the sprawling, bustling metropolitan areas challenging my adult life.

I can sing sad songs, for I have known segregation, discrimination and humiliation. I have seen the mutilating scars left by a race riot.

Then what is America to me? Isn't it like a family? I am a member. I live with them, and love them. I work with them, play with them—yes, and sometimes fight with them.

Inherent in my American heritage is the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; the freedoms—from fear, from want, of speech, of religion. As a citizen I must keep these ideals alive, I must join hands with other Americans and see that all men share my heritage.

Yes, it is my America, land of my birth, land of my forefathers. Again I see the bridge spanning the years and gleaming at its end are "alabaster cities undimmed by human tears."

This is what America means to me!

—MARY E. WOOD

hear up in Glenville is true you're going to see some of your old friends again soon."

"Really? I'll be glad. Been some time since anybody's been down to visit me."

"Sure you don't want to come up to the hotel with me?"

The old man shook his head. "I'll stay here until the old farm is ready, if you don't mind."

The first to arrive was Bill Peterson. Bill found Joe still sitting on the porch. He greeted him boisterously. "Joe Loomis, am I glad to see you!"

"You are?" the old man asked.

"Yes, sir. I was saying just the other day that it was time I came down to pay my respects to a man who was a friend of my father's. You remember my father, Mark Peterson, don't you? Well, I'm his son, Bill, Mr. Loomis and I'm glad to see you so well."

"Thank you, Bill."

"Mr. Loomis, it's all over town that the old farmhouse is being fixed up, new flooring, new heating plant and all that sort of thing, and it occurred to me that of course you wouldn't want anything but the best, so I thought I'd drop down and tell you I'm selling the best in refrigerators, television sets, radios—all sorts of appliances."

"You are, Bill? Well, supposing you just go ahead and tell me all about it."

For an hour and a half Bill Peterson talked on and on, hardly taking time to catch his breath. But finally he was through and then Joe Loomis got to his feet. "Thanks for coming down, Bill. Tell your father he has a great boy."

Bill hesitated. "But, Mr. Loomis, about my products . . ."

"Great inventions they are, son."

"Then you want them?"

"Want them?" The old man shook his head. "Not just now. You see, I've done very well without them for a long time. A few more days won't hurt. Drop down again soon and we can have another chat."

Joe was sitting in his accustomed place when Fred Wellington drove up in front of Green Acres in a nice blue car. At first he didn't recognize Fred.

"Nice to see you, Mr. Loomis. I'm Fred Wellington. You remember me?"

The old man squinted. "Yes . . . certainly, Fred."

"I was saying the other day that I should come down and have a visit with you, but you know how things are."

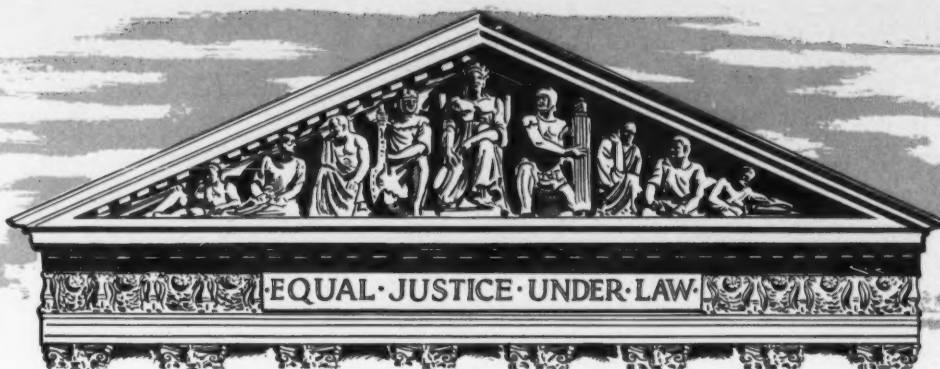
"No, as a matter of fact I don't. How are they?"

"Busy . . . busy as all get out making a living."

"Is that so? How are you doing?"

"Very well, if I may say so." He

(Continued on page 42)



LAW OF THE LAND

Most of us think of legal procedure as mercilessly cold and unyielding,
but there are times when the precise letter of the law can be kind, too

By EDWARD R. VINSON

THE Law of the Land" is an ominous - sounding phrase. Like the opening of Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* or the fog-horn groan of a New England fire alarm, it makes you quake and fear for the worst.

All of us have read true stories about some old man, honest and God fearing, who lost his life's savings or maybe his liberty because of a cold-blooded statute that would not yield to mercy. But you don't hear about the other side—the times when the law of the land is kind and generous; when it steps in and heals the breach and soothes the wound, as it did in the case of Marvin Lee Robertson and his wife, Roberta.

I never met Mr. Robertson. I never met his wife face to face, either. But I feel that I know her and the children.

It happened last December. I sat high up in my Veterans Administration office in a federal building, looking out over a fog enshrouded city. I was wondering how the Christmas spirit could possibly begin if weather like this continued. Then someone dropped the Robertson folder on my desk. Outwardly it looked like just another red file folder, the same as all the rest. But it differed in one respect. An "X" appeared before the file number. This meant the veteran was dead.

I remembered the queer feeling I had the first time I had seen an "X" file. I knew that some day a file like that would come over the same desk with my name upon it.

But I had seen so many "X" files

since, that they no longer gave me a queasy feeling.

I opened the folder and read the veteran's name: Marvin Lee Robertson. Discharged from the armed forces July 9, 1951. A \$10,000 policy of National Service Life Insurance issued to him in service had lapsed November 18, 1951. The following February, Robertson had been working at a lead smelting plant when a pay loader crushed him to death. His wife Roberta had filed claim for the insurance but had been advised that the \$10,000 was not payable. The policy was not in effect when her husband died.

The case came to my desk to determine who should receive \$35, the 1952 dividends on the veteran's insurance policy. Under state law, one-half of the money was supposed to go to the widow, and the other half to the veteran's children. The file showed that Robertson had four children, but did not disclose their ages nor the name of their mother.

I TELEPHONED Mrs. Robertson and asked if the children were hers.

"Yes," said she. "All of them are mine."

"What are their ages?"

"Sallie is 6, Andrew is 5, Abbie is 3, and my baby is only seven months old." Her voice was soft and clear. She added gently, "The baby was born three months after her daddy's death."

"I see. Thank you, Mrs. Robertson."

I hung up the receiver with a heavy

heart. Why had she been dealt such a heavy blow, and why should her husband have been deprived of the happiness of raising four children?

The least I could do was to get the \$35 to the widow before Christmas. It would make a nice little gift. I fingered through the folder for other evidence necessary to draw the award—and then I thought of Public Law 36. Could it save the veteran's insurance?

MY heart beat fast and my hands trembled as I brought out the United States Statutes. I turned to Public Law 36. Until it was enacted the year before, dividends declared on National Service Life Insurance policies could not be applied to the payment of premiums. They had to be refunded in cash. But now the law provided: "... that unless the Veterans Administration has received a request for payment in cash, any unpaid dividend shall be applied in payment of premiums becoming due . . . after January 1, 1952."

I read the law carefully.

True, Robertson had not requested payment in cash—but still there was no hope. The law said that dividends could be applied to pay only premiums becoming due after January 1, 1952. Robertson's first premium became due on November 18, 1951.

Such a shame to miss it by less than two months!

I went over the case page by page,
(Continued on page 59)

THE FACELESS BOY

(Continued from page 23)

its legs. On his way to school, Arthur always stopped to play with them, and from their friendliness take his slim ration of courage for the day.

Every so often he was shipped back to a hospital for another skin graft, another step in the long journey toward the carpentry of a face. From one of these ether-laden visits Arthur returned with the rough sketch of a nose, and the other children mimicked him cruelly by pressing their noses flat with their fingers.

When Arthur was about seven he was moved to Eugeniahemmet, an institution for crippled and physically defective boys. This little world of braces, crutches, wheel chairs and artificial limbs was not a cheerful place, but at least they were all in the same leaky boat. And Arthur, unlike many of his schoolmates, had at any rate the use of hands and legs and feet.

It was at Eugeniahemmet that he saw his first soccer ball being dribbled along the ground by some of the less handicapped boys. Instantly he knew that this was something he wanted terribly to do.

The institution's boys were sports crazy. Pathetically, each young cripple had adopted some great athlete for his own—he clipped newspapers, kept scrapbooks, identified himself with his hero. At night in their dormitory these maimed and club-footed and half-paralyzed boys became the imagined giants of Olympic track and field.

From the moment Arthur saw the photograph in the sports section there was no doubt whom he wished to hear about and see and worship—it was Sweden's Svenne Berka, the great goal-keeper. He remembers saying to himself, "This is a wonderful man. There is good in his face. I want to be like him if I can."

Doggedly, with the hard-fibered persistence that one finds among the Swedes, Arthur began to hammer and forge himself into an athlete. He was only seven, yet he would practice kicking a soccer ball, alone, for hours; he would set up a stepladder and kick, kick, kick the ball between its slanting legs. He took long solitary runs around the grounds to improve his wind. When his strength flagged he would think of his hero Svenne Berka and what he must have gone through to become a champion.

Within a year Arthur was playing on a team of boys twice his age. He began to win races and to do well at high jumping. Toward the end of his five years at Eugeniahemmet he was a minor hero among his schoolmates. Once in a long while his mother would

visit him, usually to scold him for not doing better in school.

Arthur kept the image of Svenne Berka burning in his mind for five years before he saw him. Then he was given a ticket for the soccer match between Sweden and Finland, and watched his hero play in the stadium gay with banners and cheering thousands.

Svenne Berka had a style of keeping goal that was all his own, and he had the flashing grace of a Greek statue come alive. Arthur could clearly see his face, sharp and brave as a new axe. He went back to Eugeniahemmet, his head full of flags, dreams and glory.

But soon a blow fell. He was told he



If Jesus Walked

If Jesus walked on earth again,
Would He be recognized of men?
Would Wise Men journey far to see
And hail Him as the King to be?
Would He be welcomed by the holy—
Or sought but by the poor and lowly?

Would all His life and work still be
The scorn of scribe and Pharisee?
Would men still shout as He passed by
Their hate-inspired "Crucify"?
If He should come, the Truth revealing,
Would they have faith and come for healing?

If Jesus spoke the Living Word,
Would human hearts and souls be stirred?
Would they have time to seek the light
As Nicodemus in the night?
Or is the Holy One who died
Still scorned of men and crucified?

—M. A. Midthun



must leave the nearest thing to a home he had ever known. The crippled children in his dormitory cried, and as a farewell present gave him a statuette of a boy kicking a football.

By one of these impersonal cruelties which flutters down from social-welfare systems like an index card, Arthur's next roof was a sort of reformatory for truants, hard cases and minor offenders, where he was utterly miserable. After a week or so he was whisked away to a hospital for a long series of operations. Lonely, in pain, homesick for homes he had never had, he at last wrote to the man who had lived in his mind so long.

Soon afterward Arthur was back again at the place he hated and feared. Though he looked more human now, his face was still one to make children stare and point, to make grown-ups wince and turn away. He longed to escape—but where would he go? For hours he sat by the lake below the

school, thinking. "What have I to live for?" he asked himself. "At least I would go to heaven if I were to die." The notion grew upon him.

Worst of all, there had been no answer to his letter, his cry for help.

Sven Bergquist had put the letter aside, but it stuck in his mind, and now he looked at it again. "They say that while I was under the ether I kept calling out your name. Please come and see me." Sven telephoned the hospital and was told the lad had gone. The nurse added: "If ever a boy needed a friend, it's Arthur Svensson."

"It was Saturday night," says Arthur, "and I had made up my mind." He took a last look at the faded pumpkin-colored buildings, the ragged, disconsolate yard, and went down to the waters of the lake. "I stood on the rocks and began figuring how to do it. I could swim a little, so I was afraid I might want to creep out again. I knelt down and prayed to God to make my suicide a success."

Then he started to take off his shoes, but he had only untied the laces when he heard his name called—"Arthur! Arthur—telephone!"

Telephone! No one had ever called him up before. It might be his mother—but it might be somebody else. He rushed up the hill.

Sven Bergquist says that when he first heard him the boy was panting hard and impossible to understand. Sven said: "I'll be out to see you tomorrow," and hung up.

Arthur, in the deep shock of rapture mixed with incredulity, rushed to his room and stayed there.

By the length of a shoelace, the width of a telephone wire, a life had been saved.

On Sunday afternoon Arthur heard a knock and suddenly there stood in his doorway, with fruit and candy under his arm, Svenne Berka in his blue Olympic suit. "The poor kid was sitting there with his head in his hands," says Sven. "When he saw me he burst into tears, jumped up and put his arms round me."

Arthur poured out the story of his troubles, and then Sven talked to him for a long time in his brisk, decisive, unsentimental way. "It's better to have the hard knocks when you're young," he ended, "than later."

When he went out the boys crowded round him. "Svenne Berka! Play with us!" they yelled. Sven lectured them for a bit. "Boys, Arthur Svensson has defects which everyone can see but he can't help. You may have defects which no one can see but which you could cure. Now you accept Arthur as one of you, or I won't play."

Sven threw out the ball and they
(Continued on page 45)



Sunrise

Midge was always "last man" until understanding hearts at Mont Lawn helped him find the strength available to all whose lives are shadowed with fear

By LYNN CARPENTER

ILLUSTRATOR: NINA ALBRIGHT

THE two were not more alike than up and down or hot and cold. That much was obvious to Mr. Jerry two minutes after the big red bus, filled with boys and girls from the sidewalks of New York, airbraked to a stop at the "Mont Lawn" gatehouse.

Barney was first man out when the doors swung open, a nine-year-old Cortez haughtily taking possession of a new continent. The small girl following him shrieked indignantly, "You push me again and I'll kick your teeth in!" Barney swung around only long enough to respond disdainfully, "Drop dead!" Then he resumed his cool appraisal of the lush green lawn, the tall trees, the curving driveway that led the eye up the hill to a row of white, sturdy buildings.

Midge was last man off the bus. All

the others had giggled their way out of the door before Midge moved up by the driver's seat. Shifting his cardboard suitcase, he took a firm hold on the handrail and looked out furtively. Reassured by the chatter of the others—some of them already starting up the driveway with their assigned counselors—he stepped down slowly, establishing a cautious beachhead.

That was Mr. Jerry's introduction to Midge and Barney.

When Mr. Jerry's group of eight boys followed the others up to the white cottages along Sunshine Walk and went into a big room where wide-spaced cots were neatly made up with real sheets and enough blankets to shut out the brisk night air, it was Barney who first staked his claim.

"This one will do," he said matter-

of-factly, dropping full length on the bed to see how high he would bounce.

The other boys fanned out quickly. "I want this one near the window," one yelled. Another shouted, "You and me want two together, Lucky!"

As in a game of musical chairs, the beds were quickly claimed, seven boys dropping their bundles squarely at the side of each.

One boy didn't move. Standing quietly, a strange, almost frightened look on his face, Midge looked at the others. Then he saw the remaining empty bed and walked to it slowly, setting down his cheap suitcase.

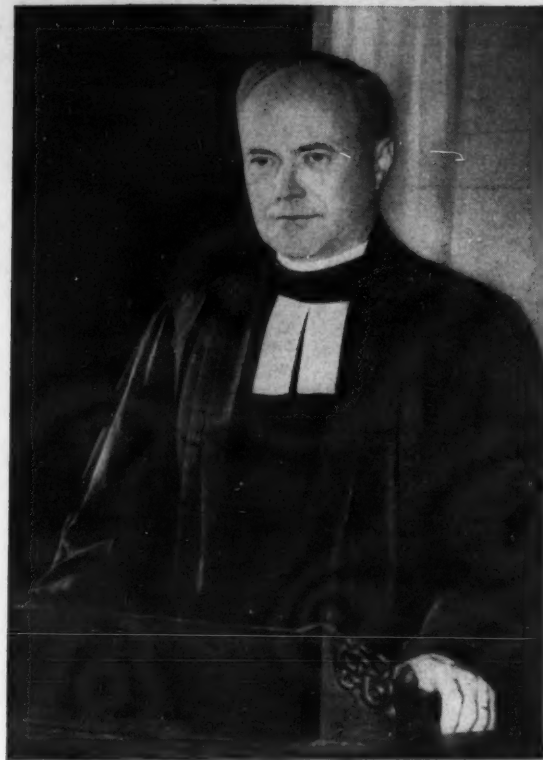
Mr. Jerry, watching, sauntered over to Midge and dropped his arm carelessly on the boy's shoulders, meanwhile calculating the effect of every

(Continued on page 58)

Liberty is our Calling



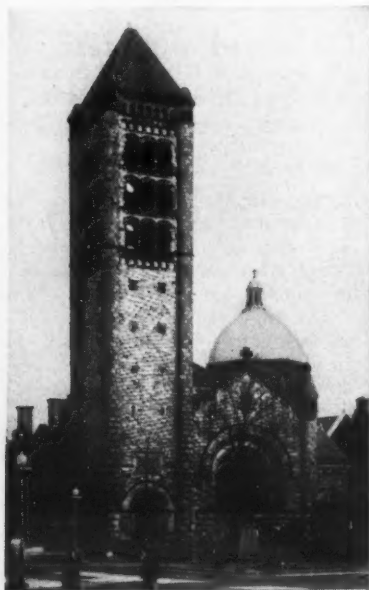
TEXT: "...Ye have been called
unto liberty."—Galatians 5:13



RNS PHOTO

THE AUTHOR is pastor of the National Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., the church President and Mrs. Eisenhower have chosen as their place of worship.

By EDWARD L. R. ELSON



RNS PHOTO

Other presidents Jackson, Pierce, Polk, Buchanan and Grover Cleveland also worshiped in the 158-year-old church.

ALONG time ago Paul wrote the words of our text to a people with a trait not too uncommon among Christians of our own time. Like many of us, the Galatians were moved easily to fervent enthusiasm from which they too promptly recovered.

It was to this characteristic that Paul was addressing himself. He was appalled that, having experienced the glorious redemptive freedom of the Gospel, they should so readily have turned back to the fetters of a legalistic religion. Paul was entreating them to return to the life to which they had been drawn by the Gospel: "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty."

Early this month we celebrate a freedom which stems from the same spiritual reality—the freedom of man under a sovereign God. If there is any place where American independence ought to be signaled, it is in a church. And so, at the beginning of this summer and early fall so fateful in the life of this nation, it is well for us to pause and look backward to the foundation of our national life.

The adoption of the Declaration of

Independence and what followed was basically a spiritual movement. Thomas Jefferson was the chief ideological exponent of the American Revolution. If he had done nothing but write the Declaration of Independence, we should be eternally grateful to him.

The war against the mother country was already in progress when the second Continental Congress was called to meet in May, 1775. Americans began to defend what they believed to be "their ancient rights." On June 17, 1776, a committee was called upon to prepare a Declaration of Independence and, after full discussion at several meetings, they designated the 33-year-old Virginia lawyer to prepare a draft of the Declaration of Independence because, as John Adams said, "he has a reputation of literature, science and a happy talent of composition." Jefferson sat in the parlor of his second floor lodging in Philadelphia, and without consulting a book or a pamphlet wrote in a half day's time, our great national "confession of faith."

The Declaration had an instant and epochal effect. It kindled joy and

CHRISTIAN HERALD

quicken'd zeal for freedom. It united the colonies as nothing else had done before. It changed a defensive war for the redress of wrongs into a war for the establishment of a separate government. It separated Colonial Patriots from British Loyalists. It prompted the soldiers to plunge with new courage and dauntless determination into the fight. It encouraged people everywhere to endure hardship and privation for the cause of freedom. And from that first Independence Day to this present hour, this document has been the inspiration of new hope for the oppressed of every nation and the ideological symbol of free men throughout the world.

"We declare these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This was a proclamation of universal human rights! And the world has not yet caught up to it.

JEFFERSON knew well that as a matter of present fact all men were not yet equal in endowment, in their liberties and their rights. But he knew they ought to be and would be; and he declared it to be his faith and the faith of the new nation that all men thus deriving their dignity from the Creator must in the end be free men.

Some who signed the document believed it a good wartime creed, but not likely to be successful on a permanent basis. Jefferson was not sure that the Revolution would succeed by its first impact but he believed that it was bound to succeed in the end. It was God-originated, and God-destined. The time for liberty to these people had come and in the end, these liberties must belong to all men. Said he, "God who gave us life, gave us liberty."

The new world was to have new faith. The faith would spread everywhere. Some people might suggest that Jefferson was too optimistic about human nature, that he was naive and superficial in his doctrine of man. He knew perfectly well the weaknesses of human nature, for he himself was at times the victim of vilification.

He made bold to say, "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against any form of tyranny over the mind of man." Only free minds can make a free world, and the only kind of freedom that is real freedom is that which man possesses not by personal attainment but within his nature as the gift of the Creator.

The immortal document in which this man has expressed for all time our American faith, emerges at a pinnacle

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in the progressive emancipations of the mind and spirit of man.

Although many streams came together at the confluence of time on July 4, 1776, the most significant was the light of the Protestant Reformation. God, in the most real sense, was the heritage of our founding fathers. Apart from faith in God, our origin and history has no meaning. From the beginning, until yesterday's prayers in Congress, our national life has been undergirded by this faith. In this faith our institutions were created, our culture promoted and our liberties secured.

Jefferson was not an evangelical Christian; he was a Deist. But he could express, on behalf of men of his day, who were nurtured in the spirit of freedom, what they believed basically about God and human dignity. Men could only be trusted with their own and other men's destinies and be truly free men so long as they lived in obedience to a higher authority—the authority of God. Men who are obedient to God and who are submissive to His sovereign will are less in need of the laws of man and are more likely to be obedient to whatever laws are needed. The soul of man can best be free when captive only to God.

This is the faith which distinguishes our way of life from that of other peoples of the world. And while we hold some elements of this faith in common with western civilization, the future of representative democracy turns on what happens in the United States of America. While we must return to the foundations, real faith must project itself confidently into the future. The salient features of our faith should give mankind great hope for the future.

Our kind of democracy, as distinguished from the economic democracy of communism, is based upon a high faith in the common man (and that means most of us), in his spiritual

capacity, in his ability to discern the truth, accept the truth, live by the truth. If, as some believe, this is the age of the common man, then we can provide the ideals, inspiration and hope for mankind.

Our kind of democracy is based upon the belief that man as an individual is of supreme value and possesses high moral dignity because of his relation to his Creator. Whatever hurts personality is wicked; what enhances it is good.

Our kind of democracy believes that man with such splendid spiritual origins and capacities can be inspired and led to put the general good above his own selfish interests and ambition—and that he finds his true happiness in service.

Our kind of democracy is based upon belief that the will of the people—the will of men with high dignity and moral purpose, is to be expressed through the ballot.

If we drift into minority government control it is our own fault, and that of no one else. If good citizens don't vote and vote wisely, bad men can assume good people don't care.

Going to the polls, thinking, studying and evaluating issues and candidates, in our kind of democracy, should be as sacred a duty as going to church.

If ever our democracy should vanish, it will be because we shall not have been sufficiently Christian. We cannot play at religion, trifle with our inheritance, and keep the American way. We deserve it only when we cultivate the qualities of character worthy of it.

"Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty."

*Our fathers' God, to Thee
Author of liberty, To Thee, we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might, Great
God, our King.*

VALLEY FARM

(Continued from page 6)

brought even deeper meaning. The night was filled with mystery and wonder.

The return to the house after such a visit was made in a different mood from that in which we went out. On the way to the barn we called and shouted, romping and racing to see who would be first at the door. Coming back we were silent and subdued, keeping close to our parents, the five of us holding hands. It was as though we thanked God that he had placed "the solitary in families." Back in the house once more, there was an added tenderness in the good-night kiss. We climbed the stairs quietly, and went at

once to bed without the preliminary of even a pillow fight. Somehow the spell of what we had seen created a spirit not unlike that "silent night" in long-ago Bethlehem.

Certain characteristics of motherhood stood forth in all these lowly but lovely birth experiences in the barn and elsewhere. Chief among these was maternal pride and protective care. Anyone with "horse sense" could feel the spirit of pride with which a mare would invite attention to a newborn colt. One knew she would say if she could, "Isn't it wonderful that I should be the mother of this new creature?" Her whole body would tingle with a

pride that was only faintly symbolized by a gentle nuzzling of the colt and a soft and winsome whinney to welcome visitors.

But those who were familiar with such scenes knew that there was also a defiant air about the new mother. She seemed to say, "This is my child and I will protect him at the cost of life itself." I still remember entering the birth stall after peering for a while through the gate bars to make sure it was safe to enter, only to be reminded by a nervous stamping of feet that I had better watch my step. The protective spirit was almost vocalized into words like these: "You can touch him and pet him, but if you hurt him I will trample you to death." It was evident even to a small boy that this protective mood of motherhood was nothing to be trifled with.

At Valley Farm one learned, too, that motherhood could be costly. Some of these mothers suffered long and terribly in their travail. A few, of course, did not live to see the new life for which they laid down their own. My father as well as my mother, recognized the price these animals paid to bring forth their young. One morning, on coming downstairs, I found him in the kitchen stirring something in a pail on the hot stove. When I asked him what he was doing, he said, "Mary's colt came last night. She had a hard time and I am going to give her a breakfast of warm oats." It was a strange, tender, unexpected kindness that stirred me.

I am sure my mother sensed a kinship with all these other mothers that none of the rest of us could fully know. She recognized, I think, that they joined with her in the creative process by which life is continued from generation to generation. One day she went out in a storm to rescue a hen and her brood marooned by a sudden downpour. She always took care of the newborn that needed a little extra mothering to survive. Once, a colt, orphaned at birth, owed its very life to her special care. While feeding this colt, to which she gave the name Sis, she taught it to raise its right front foot when someone said, "Shake hands, Sis." To my knowledge, this colt still remembered that trick twenty years later. Would that all human children remembered as well the lessons they are taught!

The attitude taken toward motherhood at Valley Farm seems in retrospect to have been in keeping with the spirit of One about whom it was said that He would "gently lead those that are with young." Neither was it far removed from the mood of Him who said, "How often would I have gathered my children together, even as a hen gathereth her own brood under her wing."

THE END

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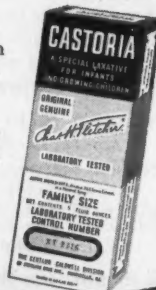
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by John W. McKelvey

Wednesday, July 1

READ MARK 6:45, 46

Make us Thy mountaineers; we would not linger on the lower slope.

—AMY CARMICHAEL

VACATION days are here again and many of us will be seeking relaxation and change throughout the coming weeks and months. Perhaps it is really not so important where we go and how long we are away as how we seek to be renewed in body and soul by "the living waters" in which is life and strength. For ourselves, we shall do as the ancient psalmist did, "flee as a bird to the mountains," and amidst the stillness of solitary places find rest.

O loving Father, who hast made the earth so fair, teach us to see Thee in Thy handiwork and to know Thee as the strength of our hearts. Amen.

Thursday, July 2

READ I PETER 5:6, 7

There is no small work unto God.

—ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

IT IS said that Thomas Aquinas was once persuaded by a strange monk to go with him into the city on an errand. Thomas obeyed without hesitation but had difficulty keeping up with the younger monk. Presently the latter observed that people were saluting his companion, and soon he learned who he was. Turning to the teacher with tears of remorse, he begged forgiveness. But Thomas told him to forget his mistake, adding, "I'm sorry I could not walk as fast as you wanted!"

Lord, teach us to forget ourselves when it comes to doing that which shall achieve blessing to others. Amen.

Friday, July 3

READ PROVERBS 22:1

SOME months ago the press reported the story of a Canadian, Colonel McNaughton, who was to inherit \$250,000 from his aunt if he would take the family name of Leslie. The papers quote the Colonel as saying, "If she sincerely wanted me to continue the

family name, it very possibly will be a matter of personal honor with me." The Colonel, loathe to give up his own name, knows "a good name" is better than great riches. It is a hard lesson to learn, but a priceless one.

Help us, gracious Lord and Saviour, to find our way through the false choices and low aims and to become rich toward God, our Father. Amen.

Saturday, July 4

READ LEVITICUS 25:10

America first . . . in things of the spirit.

—G. ASHTON OLDHAM

THERE is no day quite like the Fourth of July. No matter where you are, there is something about the atmosphere that makes you feel the spirit of America. How significant that our fathers sensed the deep spiritual foundations necessary for the building of this nation! President Eisenhower speaks truly: "Today, it is ours to prove that our own faith . . . is equal to the challenge of today's tyrants."

Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty, to Thee we sing; long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light; protect us by Thy might, great God, our King. Amen.

Sunday, July 5

READ ISAIAH 32:2

A desert does not have to be . . . where springs are dry.—ANNE HAMILTON

IN AMERICA summer is a time of sunshine and rain, lush fields and abundant lakes and streams, but not so in some distant lands. In many places the fields have become parched and brown, the streams have slowed down to a trickle. For some it is a hard time, a time of tension and testing, and blessed is the man who can hold on and not faint. Perhaps it was a time like this that inspired Paul to say, "Be not weary . . . in due season ye shall reap."

Give us trusting and strong hearts. O Lord, lest we be overcome of evil and fail to overcome evil with good.

Monday, July 6

READ MATTHEW 6:19-21

Do a deed of simple kindness though its end you may not see.—JOSEPH NORRIS

LAST FALL the papers carried the story of a man caught putting a slug in a pay telephone, although he had \$1,800 in his pocket. There are a lot of people in the world today who are afflicted with the same "sickness." They have plenty of this world's goods, but they are always in "such a fever" to acquire more. If only they had the true wisdom to "lay up their treasures in heaven!"

Lord Jesus, speak now to our restless spirits and turn us to the riches that endure and bless us with Thy joy. Amen.

Tuesday, July 7

READ JOB 28:12

SOMETIME ago a retired Scottish seaman, thought to be penniless, died in Australia. But word came back from relatives in Scotland that he might have stuffed his life savings in his wooden leg. Straightway the body was exhumed, but the coffin didn't contain the wooden leg. Then it was learned that his landlady, after his death, had given it to the Salvation Army. If we were as persistent in finding "the unsearchable riches" of Christ, we would have both wisdom and wealth indeed.

Thou God of righteousness and truth, purge our hearts that we may obtain gladness and peace. Lead us into Thy straight paths that we may find grace and strength. Amen.

Wednesday, July 8

READ PSALM 1

Let me strive a little harder to be all that I should be.—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

LLOYD DOUGLAS tells of the man taking driving lessons on a country lane who, on venturing out on the main highway, was soon overwhelmed with fright and fatigue. Stopping the car he said, "If it were not for the other cars . . ." I suppose each of us feels

inclined to say something like this almost daily, at least whenever things go awry. And yet it is the problem of driving and living in the presence of "others" that makes life the kind of "university of character" it is.

Heavenly Father, give us the will to bear each other's burdens with grace, and the strength to do Thy will with wholehearted zeal. Amen.

Thursday, July 9

READ MATTHEW 11:28-30

Let me think more of my neighbor and a little less of men.—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

HOW MANY mountains will you pass this summer as you go from place to place seeking vacation rest? Exalting as mountains are when viewed from the valley, they are a thousand times more inspiring when you stand aloft on their solitary pinnacles and look down upon the earth below. But there is no use "wishing" your way to the top; you have to climb. This also applies to overcoming the obstacles of each day. To him that overcomes—victory!

Dear Lord, watch over us with love and save us from falling. Bring us to Thyself in Christ. Amen.

Friday, July 10

READ MATTHEW 15:14

WHISTLER always insisted on painting reality and claimed that his contemporaries never painted what they saw. It is said he once crept up on an artist painting a facsimile of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice and chalked on his back: "I am totally blind." Whether or not it was kind of Whistler, at least he underscored a truth to which many of us can plead guilty: we are blind to God's sublime glory and power, to His mercy and redemption.

Lord Jesus, touch our blind eyes that we may see glimpses of truth Thou hast for us. Awaken our dumb spirits that we may speak Thy matchless love.

Saturday, July 11

READ MATTHEW 10:39

IN RAY BRADBURY'S book of short stories, "The Golden Apples of the Sun," there is one unusual story called "Powerhouse," in which a man and his wife take shelter in an electric-power station during a desert rain-storm. Hypnotized by the humming wheels, the wife, in a mystical experience, is caught up into the dynamo's core of energy and carried out over the wires with glowing, vibrating power. Thus she discovers a meaning for life. Jesus said life that loses itself will find itself.

Father, we fret so easily about the importance of our little lives. Teach



A CITY STREET . . . dirty, empty, lonely. Two little boys clad in threadbare overalls sit patiently, warily on a curb. Tousled heads, unwashed faces, and a look no child should ever have—a troubled, bewildered look, with no trace of the happy laughter of childhood. These are children from the streets of Vienna, but they could be from any one of many European cities. Children like these have never known such things as a real bed with warm blankets, new clothing, three meals of nourishing food in a day, or even a toy of their own.

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us all to dedicate ourselves to sincere and loving sacrifice for others. Amen.

Sunday, July 12

READ NEHEMIAH 9:25

WHEN the long summer droughts come to some countries, then it is that the wise man will look to his cisterns, great private reservoirs where he stored up the heavy rains of winter. Woe to him who was careless and failed to seal up the cracks! Thrice woe if he became reckless and wasted any of the precious liquid! As with man's cisterns, so with his soul.

Quicken in us, O God, the living waters that we may drink and live unto Thee. Nurture in us the fruits of Thy Spirit and make us as a watered garden. Amen.

Monday, July 13

READ MATTHEW 8:22

Fill up each hour with what will last.

—HORATIUS BONAR

THIS spring a furor was raised in North and South Dakota over the proper site of the grave of Sitting Bull. There was a time when both states would have been glad to be rid of him, but now that he is no longer a menace, they are quarreling over him. It's a strange world and if we are not careful we may become so confused that the best men will be able to say of us is that we "majored on minors."

Dear Master, walk again with us in our feverish ways and help us to recover calm and confidence in Thee and the changeless values of Thy kingdom. Amen.

Tuesday, July 14

READ MICAH 6:8

MANY shocking conditions prevailed in America around 1900. In business, labor, politics, and society men got away with their wicked devices, for no one much seemed to notice. Why was no one aware? Among other reasons there was ignorance of how to cope with an increasingly complex life. People have been destroyed "for lack of knowledge."

Give us, O God, strong hearts and clear minds. Make us valiant in our conflict with evil and darkness and give us victory over ignorance and sloth. Amen.

Wednesday, July 15

READ EPHESIANS 6:1

AFTER many years of pleading for less parental discipline and more freedom of expression on the part of children, the experts are now coming to the opposite doctrine. Recently one said, "Every child needs direction and

guidance, and some limitations on behavior are an essential part of growing up." Any parent worth his salt knows this and despite the pressure of the experts has faithfully been applying his knowledge. Paul long ago set the framework of discipline in obedience.

Lord, impart to us the will to trust and obey. Help us to discover that there is no other way to be happy in life's pilgrim journey. Amen.

Thursday, July 16

READ PSALM 29

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.—WILLIAM COWPER

THUNDER storms—do you tremble and fear them? Do they frighten and overwhelm you? Perhaps you need to see them as the psalmist saw them, as the Almighty's fury chariots of fire rollicking from the heights of Mt. Lebanon and finally petering out on the edges of the desert around Beersheba. What a sight to behold as the Eternal "plants His footsteps in the sea and rides upon the storm"! And everywhere His creatures abide in His loving care.

We turn to Thee, dear Father, to seek Thy blessing and deliverance in every time of need. Teach us to cast all our care upon Thee. Amen.

Friday, July 17

READ PHILIPPIANS 4:10-13

Prisons would palaces prove, if Jesus would dwell with me there.

—JOHN NEWTON

DESPITE HIS artistic genius, Whistler possessed a crude and spiteful nature which landed him in endless suits. In his last court case, Whistler entered the witness box with pompous dignity and, carefully adjusting his monocle, said to the judge, "And now, my lord, may I tell you why we are all here?" To which his lordship replied, "No, Mr. Whistler. We are all here because we cannot help it." A good answer for most of us. If only we could accept it unafraid!

Lord, teach us to know that in our days of stress and strain Thou art our Refuge and Strength. Amen.

Saturday, July 18

READ MATTHEW 6:33

A NEW YORK assemblyman once made the headlines by introducing a bill whose sole purpose was to turn a "who" into a "whom" in some legislation previously enacted. Governor Dewey signed the bill, but said in part, "The grammatical error occurs only in a section heading . . . Although I am impressed by the laudable erudition, the bill in other respects is wholly unnecessary and represents a waste of

several hundred dollars in taxpayers' money." How frequently we also waste what we are and have on trivia!

Heavenly Father, Thou hast stretched out the heavens in all their glory to remind us of the Infinite within and the great things toward which we should aspire. Help us. Amen.

Sunday, July 19

READ PSALM 32:4

Rejoice that we may still keep climbing higher.—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

WHAT a blessed sound rain has! Listen to its fulsome roar in the midst of a summer shower, or its gentle caress on thirsty ground when it falls softly through the night. How fresh and green the earth seems after the rains have washed the grimness away! If only we could remind ourselves of this when it rains too long or at the wrong time.

Lord Jesus, reveal to us the bounty and splendor of Thy care and give us contentment. Amen.

Monday, July 20

READ PSALM 90:12

THE NEWEST contraption to intrigue our fancy is the "time compressor." It is claimed this machine can compress Chopin's "Minute Waltz" to forty-five seconds. This hardly seems a great achievement. There is more to be said in its behalf, however, when its use is recommended for shortening political speeches, and possibly some sermons! Just so long as no one tries to apply it to life, for life seems altogether too short.

We cannot tell, dear Father, what Thou hast in store for us tomorrow. But help us to use each hour for Thee. Amen.

Tuesday, July 21

READ GALATIANS 5:13-15

Every soul that touches yours . . . gets therefrom some good.—GEORGE ELIOT

MAYBE you saw the story of the Detroit bus driver who became rankled by women passengers' comments on his driving. "All right, ladies," he shouted, "you want to drive the thing. Drive it." With that he grabbed his jacket and abandoned the bus. Later, at the terminal he said, "I'm sick of people. I quit." His reaction strikes a sympathetic chord in our own experience, but we know that no matter how we may feel about people we can't "quit." We have to live with them—and with ourselves!

Father, when we're tempted to do wrong, make us steadfast, wise, and strong. And when we stand all alone, shield us with Thy mighty hand. Amen.

Wednesday, July 22

READ MATTHEW 4:19

I LIKE the story of Simon Peter who, amidst the confusion and bewilderment following Christ's resurrection, said, "I am going fishing." Only a fisherman will understand this remark to the full. There is something about the business, or art, of fishing that gets hold of a man and calms him. Somehow the problems that seemed so baffling lose their sinister character when you begin matching wits with nothing more—nor less—than fish.

Gracious Lord, forgive our feverish ways. Impart to us the secret of purer lives and inspire in us deeper reverence.

Thursday, July 23

READ PSALM 100

God has hammered out the glory of a day that's done.—LEW SARETT

SOME time ago art experts were searching for a fitting monument honoring "The Unknown Political Prisoner." The first prize went to a sculptor whose model was devised on symbolic lines. Immediately there were protests. One infuriated young spectator snatched up the fragile model and twisted it beyond recognition. The sculptor reacted quietly, saying he could build a new one in two or three days. With what wondrous patience is God at work on us, re-molding us, making us like Him, divine!

Save us, O God, from ourselves as well as from our enemies. Give us the inner compulsion to assume our place in life's swift day. Amen.

Friday, July 24

READ JOHN 15:1-4

THE poet-philosopher George Santayana says in his book, "My Host The World," that the world had indeed been his host, and he had been willing to meet it on equal terms, but then, suddenly, it had "turned its back on the attempt and even the desire to live reasonably." And so, disillusioned, Santayana withdrew from the world's too crowded ways. His reaction may be appealing, but it brings no solution. The solution comes when we "shun not the struggle," but face it in faith.

Give us, dear Lord, the will to bear others' burdens as well as our own and the strength to carry them to victory. Amen.

Saturday, July 25

READ PHILIPPIANS 4:8, 9

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an envelope containing two nickels and an anonymous letter that said, "To keep all records correct, two extra nickels were found in a roll of nickels." With the much publicized crime investigations still re-echoing in our minds, this story presents a refreshing point of view. After all, honesty is truth in action.

Grant to us, dear Father, the knowledge of what we ought to do. When in danger, make us brave; make us know that Thou canst save. Amen.

Sunday, July 26

READ GALATIANS 6:4, 5

Our being is the fuller for our turning toward God.—PLOTINUS

RECENTLY the New York Vehicle Accident Court sentenced a man to ten days in jail and a suspended fine of \$100 for taking a road test and obtaining an illegal license for another man. After all, no one else can take a driver's test for us any more than another person can take a bath for us, or eat our Sunday dinner, or take up the cross that is ours. As the poet Santayana said, there is no alternative in the business of fulfilling "the soul's invincible surmise."

O for a faith, Lord, that will not shrink, though pressed by every foe! Give us that tender light by which we are led into "the thinking of the thought divine." Amen.

Monday, July 27

READ PSALM 37:7

MAYBE this is not the day to admonish you to rest. Maybe you have hard work to do. Even so, you can "rest." To "rest in the Lord" is a fuller expression of the thought. This does not necessarily mean to sit down, lean back, and twiddle your thumbs. The idea of relaxing, however, is to lean on the Everlasting Arms, and then to trust, having done all that is possible to bring your task to fruition. Your work will be easier, if you do these things.

Thou, Lord, who art gracious and merciful, cleanse us from evil ways and give us confidence in Thee. Amen.

Tuesday, July 28

READ I CORINTHIANS 11:1

THIS spring when the Trumans were en route to Hawaii they stopped to visit some friends in San Francisco. By error they approached the wrong house, and when Mr. Truman went to the door he was informed that his friend didn't live there. Then the man peered at his caller and said, "I hope your feelings won't be hurt, but you look exactly like Harry Truman." "This probably will disturb you," replied the

former President, "but I am Harry Truman." What we are counts, and to the discerning our true selves are always apparent.

Though what we dream and what we do in our weak days are always two, help us, oppressed by things undone, O Thou, whose deeds and dreams were one. Amen.

Wednesday, July 29

READ GALATIANS 5:25, 26

HOW perverted our thinking if we suppose we can bypass the burdens and disciplines of life by getting rid of Christ! Such thinking is as juvenile as the 14-year-old boy's attempt in Waterbury, Conn., to escape the seeming hardships of education by burning down the schoolhouse. What eventually happened to this boy was not publicized, but this much is certain: if he hoped to enter triumphantly into life by some easy road, he surely failed.

We know, O Father, that the way of the cross leads home. Help us daily to walk in Christ's paths. Amen.

Thursday, July 30

READ GALATIANS 6:7, 8

Why slander we the times? . . . It's not the times are bad, but man.

—JOSEPH BEAUMONT

IN JEFFERSON YOUNG'S novel, "The Good Man," the theme of the story develops around a character's conviction that "to every man there comes a day when he must decide what he wants most" and then pay the price involved. This is the compelling motive of all worthwhile living, provided that "what he wants most" is geared to the standard and stature of Christ. In the end if we are to have anything to show for our effort, we must "choose" to build on Christ as our solid Rock.

O Father, take us as we are, weak and unshaped timber, and cause us to be made strong and triumphant. Amen.

Friday, July 31

READ GALATIANS 6:9, 10

FOR A great many people, today marks the end of their summer's holiday. Now it is back to work. And why not? As Sidney Lanier suggests in his poem, "Song of the Chattahoochee," we no more than the streams were meant to abide in the hills. "Downward the voices of Duty call—downward, to toil and be mixed with the main." And so, having refreshed ourselves, we must turn again gladly and zealously to the tasks that call us.

O God, we thank Thee for the joy and blessing of rest and change. Go with us as we return to work. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited by
BETTY JUNG
FITZSIMMONS



You can climb the mountain with the boy in the story if you fill in the white blocks along the trail with the missing letters. What is the letter needed to spell a word beginning RO and ending in K, meaning stone? What letters will finish spelling words that mean *everything*, *not bright*, and *the place where you live*? Guess the name of a stinging insect and you're on your way to the top!

Mountain Climber

EIGHT-year-old Bobby stuffed his sandwich into his pocket, promised to be back for dinner, jumped from the front porch steps and ran all the way to where the mountain began, so eager was he to be on his journey to the mountain top.

"Uncle Jerry says it is fine on top of the mountain. You can see the whole world," Bobby had told his mother.

But she knew that Uncle Jerry did not mean quite the *whole* world.

There was no road up the mountain, except from time to time a narrow squirrel trail leading around its sloping side instead of up it, and of course Bobby must go upward. He climbed ahead through brush and over rocks.

A pretty little ground squirrel that scooted along the trail and ducked into its hole stopped him only for a few seconds, although the squirrel peeped out at him, bright-eyed and curious.

Bobby ate his sandwich without

stopping to sit down, although the ground was dry and warm, with only a few stiff hardy weeds upon it.

The higher he went the fewer the trees, and out of scrubby brush little wild birds flitted away from him in fright. "They are not used to people," thought Bobby, beginning to feel a bit queer here far from where any human being lived.

He passed what must have once been a prospector's cabin. Perhaps the prospector had dug in the side of the mountain for gold. Bobby hurried on.

But he must not be lonely or afraid now. What was there to be afraid of, with the bright sunshine all around him, and the crickets singing? The mountain top could not be far ahead. It seemed to be right up there a short distance away. He climbed on, harder than ever, until—at last—he stood on top of—the mountain? Oh, no!

Bobby's mouth fell open. This was

not the *top* of the mountain, but only the *beginning*, for there in front of him, across a narrow divide, towered a height that made this slope which he had been climbing look like only a hill, a foot extending out from the body of a giant.

This second height was different, too. Strange things must at some time have happened there, or were even yet happening. Trees were far apart and scrubby, as if they had found it hard to grow, and they all leaned in one direction, as if driven by winds that had whipped their shoulders. Rocks as large as the garage at Bobby's home stood out from the bare ground. No friendly squirrel trails wound around this mountain, and Bobby did not understand why there was a smooth place worn in front of a hole in a pile of rocks over there at a distance. Overhead, only one lonely eagle soared about the summit of the mountain.

That was not all. Far from it! For behind the edges and above the head of this second height, Bobby could make out the dim, blue outline of yet a third monstrous peak that overtopped the second!

Nothing but huge rugged cliffs showed here, capped with snow and misty clouds, so high it made Bobby dizzy to look, so lonely it turned him homesick.

When he reached home that evening, a little late for dinner, and his mother asked him how he had enjoyed his day of travel, he looked at her wonderingly and answered with a question of his own: "Mother, did anybody ever climb to the real top of the mountain?"

"A few have," answered his mother.

"They must have worked hard," said Bobby, thoughtfully.

"They did."

Bobby looked up at his mother. "When I am older I shall try."

"Then I shall be proud of you, my son," said his mother.

—LOUELLA WILLIAMS

What Do YOU Think?

God's Message

I heard a bird sing from the trees above,
As if God were sending down his love
To all the people good and true;
Does that include both me and you?
Someday, I hope I understand
The mysteries of this troubled land.
And once again, the birds will sing
Throughout the world, for peace will ring!

Dewolyn Fuller and Sharon Lue Orr,
both age 12, Highland, Texas.

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MY MONDAY MORNING LETTERS

(Continued from page 19)

to always live up to such kind words."

It's easy to pick out the flaws in a newspaper, magazine, radio or television program and then to measure them all by one little flaw or mistake. Try the theory on your friends—as did a speaker who appeared before his audience with a large white sheet of paper upon which he had made one little black dot. He asked them what they saw. Without hesitation people chorused, "A black spot."

We see the soiled spot on a man's new suit before we notice he has a new suit. That's why a sincere, simple plaudit always has a clear field.

Once I wrote a letter to a high city official who had taken his stand against a certain civic evil. It was a very little thing that I did.

But one day he met me on the street, and said, "Your letter I received Tuesday morning was a Godsend. You will never know how much I needed those words of encouragement." I went on my way whistling.

A few weeks ago, against my better judgment, I picked up a hitch-hiker as I was driving from Cincinnati, Ohio. He was a young college student on his way back to school in Michigan. He was one of the most cheerful young people I have ever met—so much so that I made inquiry about him after arriving home. I found that he had been one of the star basketball players on a team not so far from our own city and had suffered an injury that had caused him a

great deal of trouble. He had never complained about it on our journey.

On the next Monday morning I wrote him a letter, telling him of the inspiration he had given me as we rode along those many miles.

This morning I received a letter from a young lady who is a student in a large university in Ohio. She happens to be the fiancée of the young hitchhiker.

She wrote, "Leonard was so impressed by your letter that he has sent it on to me. It has meant much to him."

All because of one short note saying "Thanks, fellow, for your chin-up attitude toward life."

When I came to Nappanee, I became acquainted with a grand young-spirit physician who had been practicing for over fifty years. He was not a member of my church, but we had many visits together. His optimistic outlook on life and his sympathetic attitude toward rich and poor alike, appealed to me. I not only told him about it but wrote him of the inspiration it was to know such a man.

Not long ago this good physician ended his practice, but I still feel that his office is just upstairs.

There are so many deeds of kindness, large and small, that deserve a letter of commendation. Some of the "little" things that people do with no expectation of praise, deserve recognition most.

With Monday morning letters of your own, you can help to make the world a happier place.

THE END

JOE HAS COMPANY

(Continued from page 28)

pointed to the car. "I thought perhaps you'd like to take a ride."

The old man looked at the auto. "I'd sort of like to. Haven't ridden in one since they brought me down here."

For two hours they drove through the countryside. When they got back Fred asked, "How did you like her?"

"Very nice car, Fred. Thanks for the ride and the visit."

"I sell them, you know, Mr. Loomis," Fred explained. "And I thought you'd be interested in one."

The old man thought a minute. "Now, I'll tell you, supposing you drop back again later and we'll have another chat. It's been very nice hearing you talk, Fred."

John Springer came in the mid-afternoon. Joe recognized him without any trouble. "Sit down, John," he said.

Springer greeted him effusively. "Told Hannah the other day we should drop down to see you, Joe, but you know how things are."

"Tell me all about Glenville," Joe

said. "Things changed very much?"

"Not too much, Joe. Let's see, you've been away about a year, haven't you?"

"Five," the old man corrected him.

"You don't say! Well, I'll catch you up on things." And for the next hour he did. Then he branched off onto another subject. "You know, Joe, I own about forty acres that joins onto your old farm that you've got back now. I was thinking you might like to add it to what you have. It would make a nice piece of property for you."

"It would, wouldn't it," Joe observed. "Well, I'll tell you, John, supposing you drop back and talk with me again about it."

"But—"

"We're about to have supper soon. Wouldn't you want to stay and have a bite with us?"

"As a matter of fact I'm supposed to be home soon, Joe," Springer said. "I hope you'll give my offer some thought."

Joe Loomis conferred with his

nephew the next day. "George, you said you felt you owed me something. You don't, but as long as you think you do would you agree to an old man taking advantage of you?"

George laughed. "Not at all. What's your proposition?"

"Well, it's like this. I think something like this should be spread around a bit. First of all, I'd like to . . ." It took him thirty minutes to get it out of his system. George listened.

"It's a deal, Joe. I'm proud of you."

"You are? Nobody that I know of was ever proud of me before. It's a strange feeling."

BILL Peterson was the first to return. "Now about these appliances—"

"I don't own the house, Bill," the old man said gently.

"You don't? But they told me . . ."

"Sharon Wilson owns it. You see, she's getting married soon and this will make her a nice place to live."

Bill looked around. "Is she here?"

"I think so. You might try the office."

Bill left without saying good-bye.

Within two days Fred Wellington was back. "Can't say I'll have much need for a car, Fred. You see, I'm not going to live on the old farm," Joe said.

"You don't say! Who is?"

"Sharon Wilson."

"Well, well. Guess I'll drop in and see her. Strange how rumors get around, isn't it?"

The next day Joe saw John Springer coming out of the office of the County Home. He said, "Good morning, John. Want to see me?"

"Oh, hello, Joe. Pretty busy this morning. Just been in talking to Sharon Wilson."

"Sharon buy your land?"

"No, she didn't."

John looked somewhat irritated as he strode silently toward his car.

George Loomis packed Joe's few belongings into the car and as they were ready to travel the old man took one last look at Green Acres. Then he climbed in. "One thing bothers me, George. You sure you got room for me in your house out west?"

His nephew laughed. "Room? You've never seen a real western ranch house, I take it. Room is the one thing we have plenty of, Joe. And I'm tickled pink you're going back with me."

"One thing I'd like to do besides driving around to see how Sharon's making out in her new home," Joe said. "I'd like to get my hair cut."

"Sure thing."

When the old man entered the shop the buzz of talking ceased. Marty motioned to his chair. "Okay, Joe."

"Thanks, Marty."

"Heard a strange rumor about you the other day, Joe. Somebody told as how this stranger around town was



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that are excellent."**

(Phil. 1:10.)

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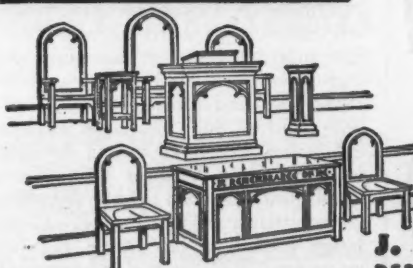
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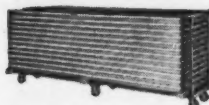
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your nephew and that he'd given you fifty thousand dollars and bought the old place back. Silly how things like that start, isn't it?" Those in the shop chuckled.

"Sure is . . ."

Somebody said, "Get good food down there, Joe?"

"Not bad."

"Too bad your ship didn't come in, eh?"

Joe smiled. "I'll be all right."

From the barber shop Joe went for a conference with Mr. Travis, the bank president. "The deed is all fixed so Sharon owns the property?" he asked.

"It is, Joe," Mr. Travis said.

"And about this seventy-five thousand George insists is mine?"

"We've put five thousand in a checking account and the rest will draw interest."

Joe nodded. "I feel very strange about all this, Mr. Travis. I don't deserve it."

Mr. Travis thought a minute. "Yes, Joe, you do," he said. "I'm not going to tell you that I've been thinking of coming down to see you at Green Acres. I haven't. I've not thought about anybody down there for years. That's

the kind of world we live in, somewhat thoughtless and hard. But this has taught me a lesson. I remember your brother, Sam, and what you did for him. You deserved a better deal out of life. Maybe there's somebody else down there at the County Home who deserves a better deal. Anyhow, this much I'll promise you, Joe. I'll go down and see those people and I'll chat with them and at least make them feel they are a part of things."

"Thanks, Mr. Travis. They'll feel good seeing somebody who hasn't forgotten them." He was silent for a moment, and then he smiled. "People are good. They just get awful busy doing nothing and they forget, I guess."

Joe and George were just about at Columbus, Ohio, when the real news about Uncle Joe broke in Marty's barber shop.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars!" somebody back there gasped.

Riding along past smooth green acres, Joe turned to his nephew.

"George, my ear itches. You don't suppose anybody's talking about me, do you?"

George laughed. "Joe, I wouldn't be a bit surprised."

THE END

WHAT'S THE TRUTH ABOUT JAPAN'S G. I. BABIES?

(Continued from page 18)

through the distribution of 37,129 questionnaires in which they were asked to give particulars of all the children of mixed ancestry whom they recalled delivering into the world since 1945. Completed questionnaires were received from 45 of Japan's 46 prefectures, and numbered 28,723, or about 77 per cent of the questionnaires sent out. The total of 5,013 does not include those children born in non-Japanese hospitals or those who have emigrated. Regarding this latter point, over 11,000 U. S. servicemen registered their marriages to Japanese women at the U. S. Consulate between July, 1947, and the present. The children of all these marriages either have gone with their parents to the homelands of their fathers, or are remaining in Japan while their fathers complete their period of military duty here.

In spite of the assertion that the number of births reported by doctors and midwives does not include children who have emigrated, it is a well-known fact that many of the marriages ultimately consummated before consular authorities had already been blessed with children. Such marriages had been conducted largely according to native Japanese rites because the military authorities had been unable to authorize consular marriages for lack of legislation which would assure that the wives would be admitted as immigrants

into the U. S. A. The lack of military permission did not deter many servicemen from contracting marriages other than consular marriages, and it is reasonable to assume that many of the children resulting from these marriages were delivered by Japanese doctors and midwives, because of ineligibility for military hospitalization as dependents.

This means that the number of so-called "G. I. babies" is even less than 5,013.

As for the number of children of mixed parentage born since 1945 who are actually living in Japan without the benefit of a legal father, there are 482 such children (374 white, 108 black) in the care of Japanese child welfare institutions, and about 3,000 being looked after by their mothers or relatives.

Twenty-one Protestant child welfare institutions are caring for 186 of the 482 children. Of these 186 children, 138 are in the care of nine institutions being supported partially by the Christian Children's Fund, Incorporated, of Richmond, Virginia. There are also several Roman Catholic orphanages whose charges include children of mixed parentage.

THERE is quite a difference between 200,000 and 5,013.

So much of a difference that I find that many people—both Americans and Japanese—seem disappointed! END

THE FACELESS BOY

(Continued from page 30)

all ran down to the field and played together, Arthur along with them, and though he cried all the time, he played so well that it didn't matter. The other boys hadn't known that he could play at all. Then Svenne Berka, who had been playing goal, said good-by and the half hour of miracle was over.

But next day the boys elected Arthur captain of their soccer team.

The demi-god did not vanish. He has remained Arthur's protector, counselor, close friend and elder brother ever since. Not long after that fateful Saturday, Sven invited Arthur to Stockholm to see the championship game between Sweden and Germany. He met him at the station, gave him a seat in the stand of honor among the celebrities, took him into the dressing room to meet other members of the team, and saw him off at the railroad station again. Even now, years later, Arthur's dark and thoughtful eyes light up when he talks about that day.

When Arthur was transferred to an industrial school, Sven sent him football clothes and a pair of his own worn shoes, which lent wings to Arthur's feet. From his tours abroad with the Swedish hockey and soccer teams he sent him postcards, letters from famous players and souvenirs.

And Arthur would answer, letters that were sometimes calmly grateful and reflective, sometimes stained with tears. "I have suffered for my face," said one. "I was afraid of going out into life. You have made a new man of me."

Now a new face is being made for him at last. Among Sven's Swedish acquaintances is a businessman whose face below the eyes was dreadfully torn in an accident. He had endured one plastic surgery operation after another. When he heard the story of Arthur he underwrote the best surgery money could buy, to provide Arthur with a normal face—a better-looking nose, a lower lip that protruded less, an upper lip where there had been none at all. Today, when Arthur looks in the mirror he can see that his 39 operations have at last accomplished something.

He lives alone in a room decorated with cups and medals won over the years as a half-miler and a high jumper, in Sweden, Finland, England. He has a job in the tailor shop of an infantry regiment, but his heart is in his club work, showing boys of 12 how to do the things which that first photograph of Svenne Berka inspired him to do. He has a girl. Above all, he has one of the truest friends sent in time of deepest trouble by the compassionate Power which stands guard over the humblest and most misshapen of its creatures.

THE END

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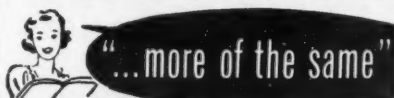
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By Amos John Traver

• Sunday, July 5

GOD'S RIGHTEOUSNESS

ROMANS 1:8-17; 2:1, 2; 3:21, 22

TENNYSON used to stay with a Methodist family named Wildman when visiting the seaside village of Nablethorpe, England. One day he dropped in quite unexpectedly and Mrs. Wildman met him at the door. "Well," he said, "what's the news?" She answered, her eyes sparkling, "Why, Mr. Tennyson, there's only one piece of news that I know, that Christ died for all men." "That is old news and good news, and new news," the poet replied.

Paul would endorse that. To him preaching the gospel was not offering a philosophy but proclaiming salvation in Christ. It was proclaiming a glorious revelation. Before his conversion the best he had done through devoted study and reason was to try to force himself and others to keep the laws of God. On the Damascus road Christ revealed Himself, and Paul discovered that he alone could not make himself right with God. Instead God in Christ was the only power that could redeem him from his sins. From that day Paul started out to tell the world of "the power of God unto salvation."

Paul was writing to the Christian church in Rome. He had never been to Rome but had planned to go there (Acts 19:21). As he wrote he was thinking of this visit. He had established churches in most of the great centers of population and commerce in Europe. He knew that each church, once established, would be the center of radiating lines of Christian growth through the surrounding country. There could be no more strategic city for a strong Christian church than the capital of the empire. So he proposed first to visit Jerusalem again and carry gifts from his churches to the poverty-stricken Christians there. Then he would go to Rome and, after that, to Spain (Romans 15:24).

Paul was in fact to visit Rome but not as he had planned. He was to go as a prisoner. So does God often over-rule our best laid plans. From his Roman prison Paul accomplished more for the spread of Christianity than he could have done as a free man. His very imprisonment and persecution became an

added endorsement of his gospel. Men listen to those who are willing to suffer for their faith.

Paul had not begun the Christian witness in Rome. Others had founded the church there. The letter to the Roman Christians begins with a self-introduction. Paul wants them to understand that he has been called by Christ to be an apostle to the Gentiles. He carefully instructs them in the gospel that he will proclaim there. He makes it clear that he is only an instrument in God's hands.

Rome was a worldly city. There were taught all the heathen philosophies and cults. Certainly the gospel of the cross would be mocked. But Paul knew its power by his own experience. After his long struggle to keep the law and make himself righteous, he knew the peace that came when he ceased struggling and trusted Christ for salvation. He was ready to match the gospel of Christ with any philosophy, with any religion. Unless we have that same conviction, we can never truly proclaim the Gospel. Salvation is God's loving work. Through our faith this salvation is ours.

Questions:

Romans 1:16, 17 is the theme of the entire epistle. Compare it with 1 Corinthians 1:17-2:16. Is Paul's doctrine of justification by faith found in the Old Testament? (Habakkuk 2:4) Where else does Paul quote this verse? (Galatians 3:11)

• Sunday, July 12

CHRISTIAN BEHAVIOR

ROMANS 12:1, 2, 9-21

PAUL faced a very practical problem in his proclamation of freedom from the law. If we can do nothing of ourselves to make us right with God, why not live as we please? Converts from Judaism and from heathenism were plagued by this question. If faith is all we can offer to God, then is not behavior unimportant? If Christ will save us if we trust Him, then does it matter what we do? As a result of such shallow thinking, Paul had to write some very frank and critical letters to his churches.

Martin Luther faced the same problem. The Roman church had taught that religion was keeping the rules of conduct. Luther gave up a career as a

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JULY 1953

lawyer to go into a monastery that he might devote himself fully to keeping the laws of the church. When Romans 1:17 freed him from the legal requirements of the church and showed him that Christ alone saved him, he understood what faith implies. Trusting Christ for salvation means that behavior will grow out of that trust. The word "faith" as used by the apostles was a dynamic, fruitful source of Christian behavior. Faith that does not result in good works is, in fact, *not faith at all*.

* The first eleven chapters of Romans are called "doctrinal." They show how God in Christ saves us from the power of sin and death. Freed by Christ from slavery to sin, we become Christ's slaves. We are tied to Him, we belong to Him by faith and love. Our highest purpose will be to please Him, to show our gratitude to Him by the best life we can live. Beginning with Romans 12, Paul outlines some of the fruits faith should bring into our lives. Christian behavior will not be mere conformity to rules of living, but the transformation Christ works in our hearts. If there is real Christian faith, there will follow real Christian behavior.

No Christian will perfectly reveal all the Christian virtues. God knows our weaknesses. Even so good a Christian as Paul called himself "chief of sinners." But God looks on our hearts and sees whether real love for Him is there. He will forgive and help us to grow in grace, if we will let Him. We will never gain the goal of perfection in this life, but when the love of Christ rules us, we will show that "we have been with Christ and learned of Him."

What is it to be Christlike? Paul lists some of the virtues that should be seen in every Christian. They are: truth, purity, love, enthusiasm, patience, generosity, sympathy, humility, meekness. Benjamin Franklin is said to have set for himself the goal of acquiring one new virtue each month. He soon found that while he was acquiring one new virtue he was losing others. No, Paul's list is too difficult to be accepted as a legal standard of goodness. It describes the perfection that was in Christ alone. But these are the fruits of real faith in Christ, and toward these we will press forward. But the roots of Christian behavior are in God's mercy. The fruits will never please God unless the roots are in the love of Christ.

Questions:

Read Galatians 5:13-25 for another exposition of Paul's teaching on the subject of Christian behavior. Additional references: Philippians 4:8, 9; Colossians 3:12-16; 1 Peter 3:8-17. Also read Matthew 5:1-6; 6:33. What do you answer to this common philosophy of life—"It makes no difference what a man believes so long as he lives right"? Luther included a study

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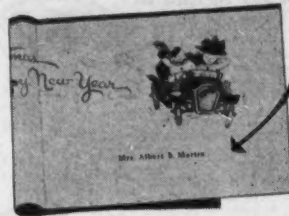
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of the Ten Commandments in his little catechism for teaching Christian truth. Was he consistent? Did Jesus repudiate the Ten or interpret them?

• Sunday, July 19 ONE WORLD IN CHRIST

EPHESIANS 2:8-10, 13-22

I USED to drive along Front Street in Harrisburg, Pa., several times each year. Between two of the great houses was the highest fence I ever saw. It rose above the level of the upstairs windows. I never heard the whole story of that fence but enough to know it was popularly called "the spite fence." Clearly the builder objected to the erection of another mansion so close to his. He wanted no near neighbor. So he built a fence high enough to shut him out. I do not know whether the fence is still there. But I used to watch for it with a kind of morbid curiosity, wondering what sort of person would choose to live in such isolation.

Such a fence the Jews had built against the Gentiles. Even in the Temple there was a court beyond which the Gentiles could not go. On Paul's last visit to Jerusalem he was charged with bringing a Gentile into the Temple. This "fence" in the Temple is the source of Paul's phrase, "has broken down the dividing wall of hostility." Just as Christ's death was marked by the tearing of the veil before the holy of holies to symbolize the priesthood of all believers, so the breaking down of the dividing wall between Jew and Gentiles symbolized Christian brotherhood.

The Jews found their unity in the blood of Abraham. They misunderstood the purpose of God in their race and thought themselves an end rather than a means for God's grace. The same tragic mistake has been made by many races since. South Africa is at the same "dividing wall" business as the Nazis with their supermen of blond hair and blue eyes. Anti-Semitism raises its ugly head in many parts of the world. Returning soldiers of Mexican blood find themselves barred from restaurants and barber-shops in their home towns—and this in America! There is only one universal unity for mankind. Paul understood this. In Christ there is "neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian or Scythian, bond or free."

When we seek to limit the meaning of brotherhood we succeed in limiting the meaning of the cross. It is a little Christ, a little God, we worship when we build walls of division in heart, in community, or in the world. The little gospel, John 3:16, becomes no gospel when we limit the meaning of "the world" and "whosoever." Dare a Christian bar from fellowship anyone whom God loves and saves?

It required the eloquence of Paul

and the vision of Peter to persuade the first-century church to accept Jew and Gentile into full membership. The only requirement was the acceptance of Jesus Christ as God and Saviour. So deep seated are our prejudices that we cannot overcome them without Christ. The closer we draw to Him the closer we draw to our fellow believers. He offers the one rallying point for our world. It is quite reasonable to talk of one world and to plan for it by purely diplomatic methods. We may even be persuaded that fear of the atomic bomb makes the unity of mankind the only alternative to destruction. Economics adds its arguments to sociology in the interests of the brotherhood of man. But no human devices will ever unite the world until sin is recognized as the real builder of dividing walls. Only Christ can make men brothers. *Without Christ there will be no brotherhood.*

Questions:

Read the poems, "Mending Wall" by Robert Frost and "Would I? Would You?" by Philo Israel. Discuss them in your class. Would race relations as practiced in your church and community be a pattern for one world? If not, what should be done to improve them?

• Sunday, July 26

GROWING IN CHRISTLIKENESS

EPHESIANS 4:1-6, 11-16

A CHRISTIAN is always growing but never grown. The pattern and power for his growth is Christ. Perfect Christlikeness must await the day when "we shall be like Him because we see Him as He is." Christlikeness is not an attainment in its final perfection but the gift of God. Faith, not the will to attain, is the power for Christian growth.

Paul advised the Corinthians to "be babes in evil but in thinking mature." The great truths of Christianity can be expressed in very simple terms. Even a child can know God in Christ. This saving knowledge is the beginning of an ever growing knowledge. Perhaps we have over-simplified our faith. We have led our church members to believe that the knowledge they had as children will do for all of their lives. Faith becomes childish when men and women know no more about Christian faith and life than they did when they were children. When we are called upon to become as little children, Jesus means that we need childlike trust in God. Because Christianity is a revelation, we know by faith much that we cannot know by sight. But certainly Christians are expected to mature in their thinking about faith and life.

Christlike living is the fruit of the love of Christ. Our love for Him finds its roots in His love for us. "We love Him because He first loved us" (I John

4:19). The record of His love is in the Scriptures. The more we understand His life the better we will love Him. Eagerly we should read and study the record that we may know Him better and understand more fully His Saviourhood. Every devotional practice should mean more each year. It is enough for the child to pray, "Now I lay me down to sleep." But when our soldiers who have attended Sunday school and church have no better prayer in the hour of battle, it is pathetic. If the services and sermons in our churches do not grow in interest and delight, something is wrong. When Christian people face trials, bereavement and death with a child's knowledge, it shows failure to cultivate growth in faith. A writer recently suggested that what we call "puppy love" would apply to countless immature Christians.

In Paul's beautiful poem of love (I Corinthians 13), he wrote "when I became a man I put away childish things." I have often thought of this verse when I was calling on some aged saint who had spent a lifetime in Bible study and still turned to a well-thumbed Bible as a thirsty soul to cooling water. Such faith is *childlike* in trust, but not *childish*. With growing knowledge of the truth in Christ Jesus will come growing likeness to Christ. Faith is dynamic, like a seed. The life is within and bursts forth in stem and leaf and fruit, all in due season.

Dr. Elton Trueblood of Earlham College has become nationally known for his emphasis on lay service in and through the church. Hamma Divinity School, at which I teach, has been conducting a lay school of theology for several years. Its purpose is to help laymen grow in their understanding of Christian truth. Many books are being published today for the same purpose. Increasingly churches are holding study classes for laymen, not merely in the "how" of church work but in the "why." The church has learned that people are no longer afraid of the words "doctrine" and "theology." It has also learned that those who know what and why they believe will eagerly learn how to translate their faith into action. The roots of Christian living are in Christian truth. If nourished by prayerful study of the Word there will be lifelong growth in Christian character and service.

Questions:

Paul uses the figure of "The Body of Christ" for the church in our scripture lesson. For other similar passages read Romans 12:3-8; I Corinthians 12:4-31; Ephesians 1:22, 23; 5:29, 30; Colossians 1:18. What do these references suggest as to the relation of Christ to the church, the relation of Christians to each other, and the Christian's individual responsibility to Christ and His church.

when Communist soldiers saw the film...

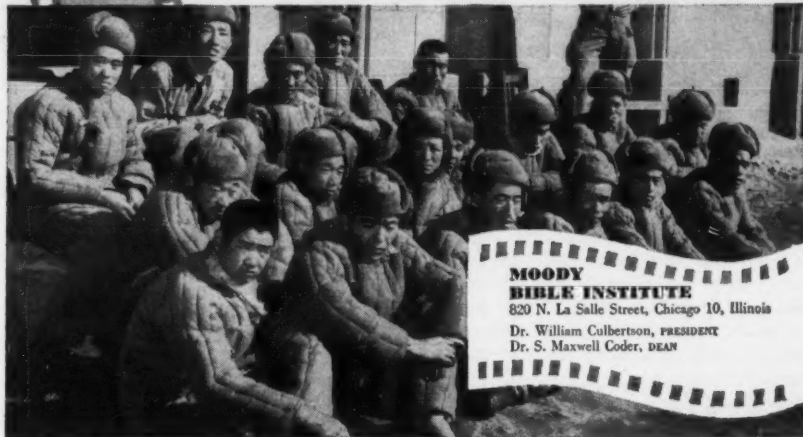
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Communism, with its promises of world conquest and a classless society, has much that appeals to the natural mind. Christians are firmly convinced that only the Word of God, sharper than any two-edged sword, has the power to overcome Communism.

The power of the Word was very evident recently at a showing of a Moody Bible Institute gospel-science film to Communist soldiers. The place was a rehabilitation camp in Malaya. Several hundred prisoners-of-war had come to see the Mandarin version of "God of Creation," shown by a Chinese evangelist. At the conclusion of the film, an invitation to receive Christ was given. Three hundred Communists pro-

fessed to accept Christ and prayed with the evangelist! While the Lord alone knows their hearts, there is no doubt many that day changed their loyalty from the Communist Army to the army of the Lord Jesus.

In these times of crisis and upheaval, Moody Bible Institute is using various means to proclaim the good news of salvation around the world. Hundreds of Moody-trained missionaries are preaching the gospel to multitudes who have never heard; Moody gospel literature, distributed in 40 countries, reaches thousands for Christ; and MBI gospel-science films are being used to convert many who, like these soldiers, would not come to an ordinary evangelistic meeting. While it is yet day, Moody Bible Institute will work, that by all means some may be saved.



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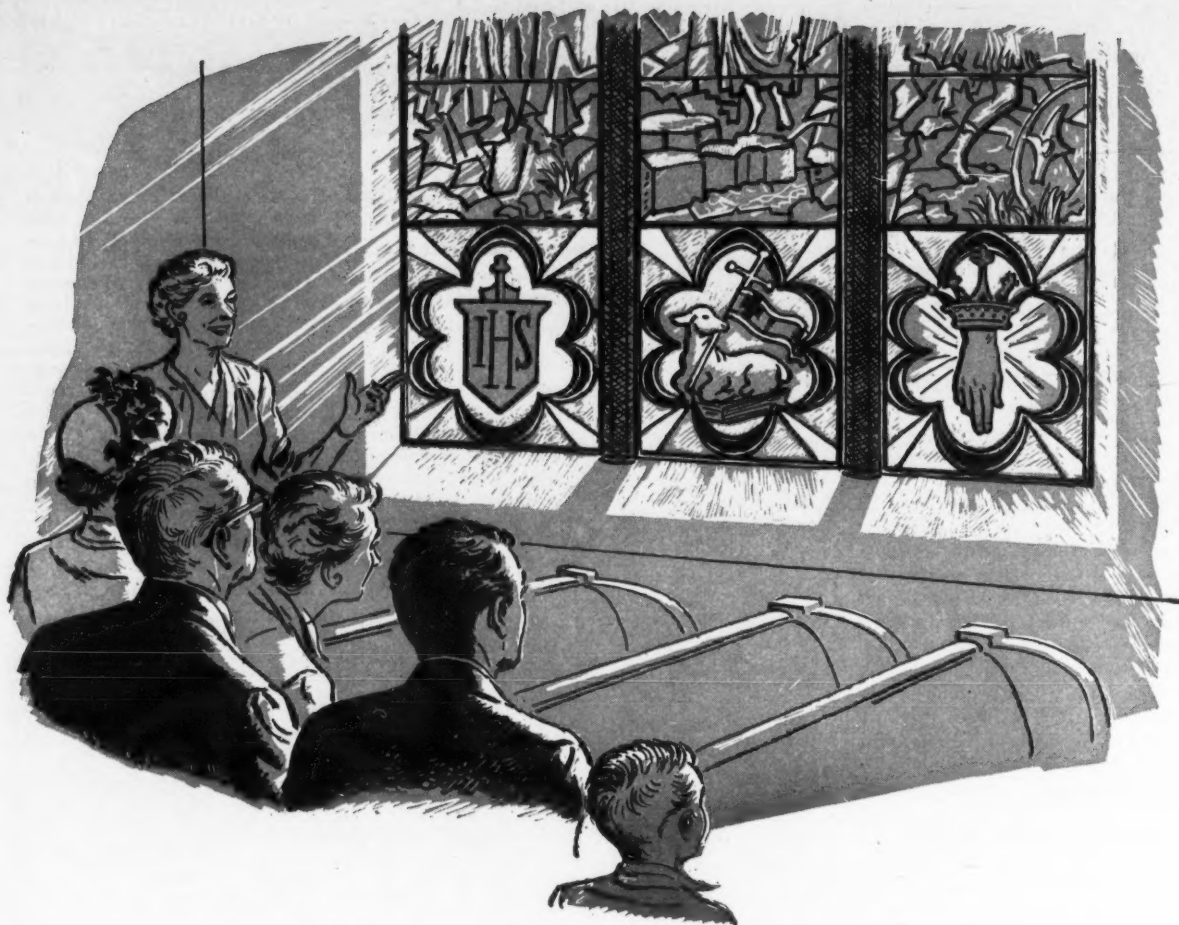
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Exploring the Language of Symbols

HOW curious are you? Did you ever look around you at the stained-glass windows of your church, at the appointments of your sanctuary, and notice their decorations? Perhaps such things in your own church have become merely part of the background and so familiar that you really don't *see* them at all. But when you've visited another church, you may have looked about more observantly.

Suppose you saw a series of four windows, with the heads of a man, an eagle, a lion and a calf wreathed in wings. Would you know what they meant? Or why that little white lamb is carrying a banner? Or why that window is bordered by oak leaves?

If you have ever wondered about such decorations, you no doubt passed them off as a personal whim of the designer. But you would find that most of them are there for reasons that reach

far back into the past. Even the simplest decorations of your church may retain some traces of the ancient manner of expressing religious beliefs—through symbols.

Long ago, when few persons knew how to read and write, messages were conveyed by pictures. Today our media of religious publicity are the printed book, the newspaper, radio and television; but in olden times it was necessary to communicate by means of carving and painting. That is why the

medieval cathedrals were so ornately decorated—to speak to the people of that age in allegorical and symbolic terms which were easy for them to understand. Today we need to know the code in order to decipher the messages they once read so freely.

Understanding your church symbolism can be a fascinating hobby, if you go into it deeply enough; or, even briefly considered, it can awaken your membership to the hidden meanings of things about them.

Next time it's your turn to prepare a program for your group, why not organize a symbol treasure hunt? This would make an especially good program for some meeting when the men-folks are included. It will take some research on your part to make it really interesting, but you'll find the effort will be rewarding.

Divide your program into two parts:



CHRISTIAN HERALD

first, the explanation of symbolism; second, the treasure hunt through the church in search of symbols. Make both lively and enlightening. Be colorful and dramatic in your presentation. No need to make a subject heavy by being too scholarly, even though the books you may read on the subject are.

Start your program by showing what symbols are—"something that (not being a portrait) stands for something else." To illustrate this graphically, appoint a committee to collect an exhibit of present-day symbols in common use—advertising trademarks, money, flags, army or navy insignia, coats-of-arms, fraternity pins, pictures of a crown and sceptre, national or state seals, etc. Number the items in your exhibit, and give everyone a slip of paper as he enters and let him jot down what he thinks each symbol stands for. You may even give a prize to the one who correctly identifies the most. Or, you might have paper cut-outs of a scythe, a heart, a hatchet, an egg, an acorn, a fir tree, wishbone, four-leaf-clover, horseshoe, a slate, a firecracker, a ring, a jack-o-lantern, etc. Ask what each of these brings to mind.

Having established what symbols are, you will now want to have some discussion of church symbolism in particular. Any explanation of facts becomes less tedious when you get audience participation into the act. Prepare your information as a series of questions to be fired at the audience, calling on those who raise their hands to volunteer the answers. Have a panel of three experts on the platform, who will really know the answers and can take turns answering if the audience should fail to respond.

Here is a sample of the sort of things you may ask:

1. What symbols are used to represent God, the Father? *Answer:* A hand or the all-seeing eye.

2. Name an everyday use of one of these. *Answer:* The eye on the dollar bill.

3. What are some of the figures used to represent Christ? *Answer:* A fish or a lamb.

4. Why was a fish used? *Answer:* A rebus was made of the Greek word, *ichthus*, meaning fish. Each letter was regarded as the initial letter of a word in the sentence, "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." The early Christians used it to identify each other when they were in danger of persecution.

5. What does a lamb carrying a banner mean? *Answer:* The lamb of God with the banner of victory.

6. Why would a rose design be used in decorating a baptismal font? *Answer:* Because the rose represents, "Messianic Promise."

7. What is a nimbus? *Answer:* A

circle of light surrounding the head of a holy person in artistic representation.

8. How are the four evangelists represented? *Answer:* Matthew as a winged man; Mark as a winged lion; Luke as a winged calf; and John as a winged eagle.

9. What do oak leaves represent? *Answer:* Strength, eternity.

10. What figures are used to repre-

sent eternal life or immortality? *Answer:* The butterfly and the peacock.

11. What is the meaning of the symbol, "IHS"? *Answer:* This is the abbreviation for the Greek word, *Jesus*.

12. Why are the doors of many churches arched? *Answer:* Because the arch symbolizes triumph.

Be sure to include in your quiz
(Continued on page 54)

THE SMORGASBORD... Ideal Way To Serve A Crowd

SMORGASBORDS are fast out-distancing other types of large quantity food service throughout the country. Guests like the feeling they can help themselves to what they want and as much as they want. Servers find it easier than sit-down meals, more colorful and just as practical as cafeteria or ordinary help-yourself service.

Let's take a look at how this service is carried out by members of the Gasport, N. Y., Friends Meeting. They have made it their specialty for the last three years and have become so noted for it that guests from a 30-mile radius have become regular customers.

Eye-appeal is what counts in smorgasbord service. True, there is a large variety of foods to prepare. But this



Guests help themselves to a variety of salads at a Gasport, N. Y., smorgasbord.



For ideas for attractive appetizers and garnishes, mail the coupon on page 53.

allows for an easy division of work. And this kind of service is more economical than other types, writes Mrs. Julia Hull Winner, who told us of the activity. Guests take small portions because they want to sample many dishes; so in the long run, the meal costs less per person to serve. Not so much food is returned to the kitchen, either, for guests take only what they can eat.

Second helpings are invited at this church, but most persons fill their plates satisfyingly full the first time. Dinners cost \$1.50 for adults and 75c for children under twelve. A net profit for din-

Large Quantity Recipe File

SMORGASBORD MEAT BALLS WITH NOODLES (for 48)

Ground beef.....	6 pounds	Chopped celery.....	3 cups
Eggs, beaten.....	8	Cooked tomatoes.....	5 quarts
Bread crumbs.....	1½ cups	(6 No. 2½ cans)	
Salt.....	¼ cup	Sugar.....	¾ cup
Pepper.....	1 teaspoon	Worcestershire sauce.....	2 tablespoons
Fat or drippings.....	¾ cup	Broad noodles.....	4 pounds
Chopped onion.....	3 cups	Butter or margarine.....	1 cup
Sifted flour.....	2 cups		

Combine ground beef, eggs, bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Mix thoroughly. Divide into 96 balls, allowing about 2 tablespoons for each. Brown balls in fat or drippings in skillet. Add onion and celery and brown lightly. Stir in tomatoes, sugar, Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Cover and simmer 25 minutes. While meat ball mixture is simmering, cook noodles in boiling salted water until tender (about 6 minutes). Drain and rinse with hot water. Cream together butter or margarine and flour. Stir into meat ball mixture and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Serve meat balls over noodles.

—Courtesy Wheat Flour Institute

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7119. Iron a gardenful of roses in two shades of red, one shade of green on sheets, pillowslips, cloths. No embroidery. Washable. Transfer of 12 motifs from 1" x 11" to 4" x 5½".

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7255. Easy-to-crochet doily in two shapes—oval and round. Use petal stitch and pineapple design for the oval doily. Round doily is 16"; oval 17" x 28". Directions.

Send **TWENTY FIVE CENTS** (in coins) for **EACH** pattern to: **CHRISTIAN HERALD**, 223, Needlecraft Department, P. O. Box 162, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Send an additional **TWENTY CENTS** for Needlecraft Catalogue. Add **FIVE CENTS** for **EACH** pattern if you wish 1st class mailing.



ners given thus far has averaged between \$200 and \$300.

How you serve is as important as what you serve. Color, neatness and sequence of foods are the requisites in arranging your dishes. The Gasport ladies take great pains to avoid the "poached egg on a white plate" look. They use garnishes effectively to brighten up any dish that may look dull. They use family size dishes, so that they can be replaced often and retain a fresh look for late diners.

The Friends ladies group together all dishes of a similar nature. Meats come first—Swedish meat balls served hot from an electric roaster, cold sliced turkey, baked ham, salmon, pickled pigs' feet, herring. Next come hot vegetables—scalloped potatoes, cheese macaroni, squash, candied sweet potatoes, Harvard beets, peas, carrots. Salads include cole slaw, chef's salad, potato salad, shrimp, macaroni. Molded

salads are made attractive by centering ring molds with cottage cheese or dishes of dressing. There may be a pale green salad of cucumbers, onion and mayonnaise in lime gelatin, or a gay red and green mold made by combining a layer of beets and horseradish in gelatin with a layer of lime gelatin filled with shredded cabbage. Carrots and pineapple in lemon or orange molds and shrimp or tuna and celery in lemon molds add color contrast.

Lazy daisies hold the relishes of olives, pickles, radishes, stuffed celery, bits of cheese on colored plastic toothpicks, jellies, applesauce, cranberry sauce, cottage cheese and cucumbers in cream. Breads are at the end, all neatly fanned out on silver trays: date-nut, orange-nut, raisin, a variety of raised rolls and several kinds of sliced bread.

Dessert is usually apple crisp, a dish of sliced apples topped with a mixture

of brown sugar, shortening and flour, and baked. A dash of whipped cream is added to each serving. This has proved more popular than ice cream and cookies or cake. Guests may take it with them when they serve their plates, or come back for it when they have finished the main course.

A "step" arrangement, in the true smorgasbord manner, is used by the Gasport church to make the display of foods more effective. They use an L-shaped table, however, rather than the traditional round or oval one. Space is given for a floral arrangement and candles.

Tables about the room are set in advance with silver, butter and coffee cups, and little bouquets of seasonal flowers. Guests carry their plates to these tables after helping themselves to dishes from the serving tables.

Serving 250 to 350 persons in a dining room that will not seat more than 100 requires teamwork and cooperation. When crowds come too fast, guests are given consecutive numbers and asked to wait in the church parlors upstairs until their turns come.

Committees are organized for the smorgasbord, but the event is a united church effort. Several women who have proved most adept do the marketing; others help in the kitchen with preparation of vegetables and meats. Turkeys, hams, potatoes for salads, squash, sweet potatoes—are all cooked in the church kitchen. Most of this work is done the day before, and all are requested to bring assigned foods for the meal. These include molded salads, scalloped potatoes, baked beans, quick nut and date breads or whatever may be a woman's specialty.

Work is divided so that some serve, others wash dishes. Men help with ticket sales, coffee pouring and dish-washing. But no assignments are rigid. If need arises in re-setting tables, several leave other work to help; if more clean dishes are needed, someone who was serving may lend a hand during a lull. Everyone's on the lookout to see what needs doing. The willingness to be useful and not let the other fellow do it all has helped make these meals successful.

The Gasport, N. Y., group is now

CHURCH FUNCTIONS CLINIC

Do you have a particular problem on your hands in connection with your church bazaar, supper, pageant, or other special programs and events? We will gladly help you find the answer. Write Jane Kirk, in care of Christian Herald.

in its third year of giving three smorgasbord dinners annually—one in October, one in February, and a third after Easter. They've found that if you develop a specialty and stick to it, the success of your church money-raising affairs will usually be assured.

THE ART OF GARNISHING

DRESSING up your food with garnishes is like adding the proper accessories to your outfit. You must be careful not to overdo them; but used with discrimination, they enhance most food's eye-appeal and flavor. And they are essential to the well-dressed smorgasbord or buffet table.

Garnishes can't be used to hide faulty food preparation. Poor cooking will show up no matter how gaily the dish is decorated. But a well-cooked, attractive dish can be made even more tempting by just the right finishing touch.

Adding color is one important function of garnishes. Usually this is attained by the natural color of the garnish, such as radishes, paprika, pickles, parsley or mint. Avoid anything unnatural-looking, which may appear unappetizing. You may use the intense tints obtained with food coloring, but by all means use them carefully and with good taste.

Keep your garnishes as natural and simple as possible, emphasizing special features rather than hiding them. You can find many ideas for garnishes from magazine illustrations for advertisements. This keeps you abreast of new ideas, so that there need be no monotony in your decorations. Other ideas, as well as a collection of recipes for pretty appetizers, are available by checking the coupon below.

For creating interesting effects you'll need a simple collection of tools: paring knife, egg slicer, pastry crimper and an assortment of cookie cutters. If some member of your group shows a knack for creating garnishes, let her specialize in this art. You'll have a valuable asset to your church food service. (Woman's Place continues next page)

Woman's Place Dept. (7-53)
Christian Herald
27 East 39th St., New York 16, N. Y.
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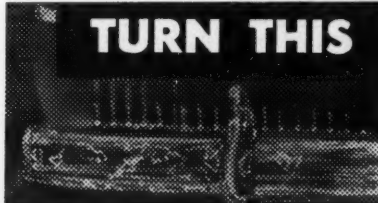
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HOW about going into the advertising business to make those profits you need for your church building fund? Your local merchants, always so kind about helping out, will receive a valuable service themselves, as well as contributing to your cause.

One of the most worthwhile assets a merchant can gain is a new customer. You can give merchants an opportunity to make a number of new customers through an "introductory offer coupon booklet." This idea has been used with success by several church groups. Your coupon booklet may offer from 10 to 15 authentic bargains available at specified stores only upon presentation of the coupons from the book. This plan is designed to attract prospective customers to the listed stores for the first time.

Coupons may offer a free finger wave, a certain amount of free groceries, free gasoline, a free meal at a

restaurant, free admission to a movie, free merchandise from a department or drug store, and so on.

Your work will be divided into two parts: first, contacting the merchants and getting their agreement to be listed in your coupon book with a special get-acquainted offer; second, printing and selling the coupon books. You will have to guarantee the merchants that a certain number (between 100 and 200 will be about right) of these coupon books will be distributed, if you want him to be interested.

Charge a nominal sum for your booklet, say from one to two dollars—enough to give you a satisfactory profit after the printing cost has been deducted. Selling the booklets should not be difficult, as they offer substantial savings. To give your merchants the most widespread advertising for their money, it is wise to limit sales of booklets to one to a family.

EXPLORING THE LANGUAGE OF SYMBOLS

(Continued from page 51)

symbols which your audience will see in their trip through your church. It is time now for your treasure hunt. Take a quiet tour of the church guided by one who has studied the subject and can point out significant decorations. By this time the audience should be able to notice many things themselves. Look for any triangles or three-sided figures. They represent the Holy Spirit or Trinity.

A star made of two inverted triangles signifies the Holy Spirit and is also the Star of David, the Hebrew emblem, used over the graves of Jewish soldiers instead of the cross. The dove also symbolizes the Holy Spirit. An open Bible in a stained-glass window represents the Word of God going into all the world. The cross is the most meaningful symbol of Christianity. What story does it tell? An anchor signifies faith. Clapsed hands indicate fellowship. The crown speaks of the kingship of Jesus. The cross with the crown around it represents the suffering of Jesus as well as the fact that He is really a king. Everyone will find newly awakened interest in things they have looked at unseeingly for years.

Mrs. J. R. Marshall of Woodbury, Conn., never dreamed how enriching the study of symbols could be until she took it up in order to prepare a beautiful "gift of hands" for her church, St. Paul's Episcopal. She wanted to create a frontal in needlepoint, using significant designs.

Since the frontal was for the Trinity season, she chose as her central figure

the symbol of three fishes in a circle, representing the Trinity.

Six other figures across the top were a winged man (Matthew), crossed keys (Peter), the winged lion (Mark), the winged calf (Luke), the viper in the fire (Paul), and the winged eagle (John). In panels extending down from this border she used the butterfly, the lily, the rose, the descending dove, clasped hands, the ship (Jude), the bursting pomegranate, and others.

Having made her selections, she employed a stained-glass window designer to prepare the symbols in colored rectangular designs. These she copied in needlepoint and produced 19 lovely rectangles which she finally combined with a fine green silk brocade and fringe.

You might put your study of symbolism into some such form as this. Or you could make a much simpler design, a decoration for a pulpit Bible bookmark, perhaps. You will have to work out your own designs, as did Mrs. Marshall, as these patterns are not produced commercially.

Working out your own design employing symbolism awakens an awareness of the significance of this means of conveying religious ideas and beliefs. "Everywhere I look now," says Mrs. Marshall, "I see how symbols are used in art, architecture, and decoration of all sorts—things I never would have noticed before." And, though her symbolic needlepoint design involved much painstaking work, Mrs. Marshall feels she gained as much as she gave.

WHERE THE SAINTS HAVE TROD

(Continued from page 26)

the Near-Eastern family referred to by Jesus (Luke 11:7).

Early dawn is an interesting time. Nobody has ever heard a cock crow until he has heard one crow before sunup in Jerusalem (John 13:38). What bold, strident tones!

Once, when sailing up the Nile from Cairo in a small *felucca*, we ran aground in mud just where a tangle of reeds or papyrus plants made a jungle. We could almost see the "basket made of bulrushes, and daubed with bitumen," which concealed the infant Moses (Ex. 2:1 ff.). And what Bible reader has ridden a camel from the Mena House to the Pyramids without pondering how Mary and Joseph felt when these gigantic structures loomed on their horizon when they were political refugees in Egypt (Matt. 2:13-23).

"The Little Town of Bethlehem" is a favorite goal of most Christian travelers. Once we had the privilege of guiding our own mother to this hilltop town which was the objective of Mary and Joseph before the birth of Jesus.

But if we are to see the "biblical" in our travels, we certainly must be familiar with our Bible. This knowledge is insurance against the ignorance displayed by a man who said to us, "I never can remember whether Dan and Beersheba were man and wife or brother and sister!"

A woman who joined us on deck one day as we steamed out of Haifa remarked, "I never knew before how much this section of the world has to do with the Bible. If I had, I would have borrowed *my mother's* Bible to read." (Italics ours.)

BEGIN to reread your Bible before you sail. One thing is certain—when you get home, you will enjoy the Book as never before. Your personal experiences will give you living interpretations.

There are a few essential books you will want to have at your elbow when preparing for your trip. You will need the help of a good Bible dictionary, written accurately and embodying recent discoveries. It took us six years to write one, and ten trips to get the material, for our "Harper's Bible Dictionary."

As a good companion habit to reading, we suggest careful note-taking en route. We recall seeing a church-school teacher sitting on deck close to the rail as we were cruising between ancient Tyre and Sidon. We are sure that what she scribbled in her notebook was well used the next time she taught about Paul's beach farewell here (Acts 30:36 ff.). Some conscientious travelers on a cruise ship take portable typewriters.

Together with note-taking is the art

of picture-making. More cameras travel today than ever before. No one ever brings back as many fine photographs as he thinks he has taken, no matter how elaborate his equipment. Subjects cover faces or move unexpectedly; camels walk out of the view-finder; dust specks mar the image; light conditions vary, in spite of meters; films buckle; cameras are stolen. Yet he who returns with even a dozen perfect shots will feel rewarded—if these include the gates and walls of old Jerusalem, the bell towers of Bethlehem and the minarets of Istanbul.

Shopping in Bible Lands can be spiritually rewarding. To buy for a dollar, a small clay lamp excavated from a Roman well will be a great preparation for teaching the Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins. An early-Christian lamp from Carthage will make vivid the great period of North African Christian expansion. A yard of brilliant brocade from a Lebanese shop in Beirut will long highlight your living room. A Moslem prayer-rug from old bazaars in Cairo or Damascus will tell all who come into your home, "Here live people who travel!" You will feel one with the Crusaders who returned from Holy Lands in the twelfth century, wearing shells from Galilee in their hats, in evidence of their having made the trip to the Holy Land.

None of us ever comes back from Bible Lands the same. General Allenby, who in 1917 liberated Palestine from 400 years of inefficient rule, once wrote to us, "This ancient land fascinates as does no other." We share with the world's greatest living biblical archaeologist, William Foxwell Albright, his conviction when he says, "Palestine has done something to me from which I shall never recover. I don't wish to."

Travel in Bible Lands for the thoughtful Christian is sure to broaden, deepen, and purify faith. Beneath the elaborate ritual and ecclesiastical paraphernalia of the older churches, as seen in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, where Coptic, Armenian, Syrian, Greek, and Roman Christians worship under one roof, there is a basic *belief* discernible. On this spiritual level we are all one. Varied as are the ways of expressing faith, in the various divisions of the Church universal, Christ is the reality under all.

Perhaps we cannot write, upon our return from Bible Lands, such books as "The Greatest Story Ever Told," or "The Greatest Life Ever Lived," as Fulton Oursler did after having first written "A Skeptic in the Holy Land." But "Travel in His land incarnates Him, makes His whole story light the page grown dim."

THE END

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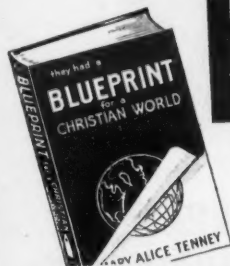
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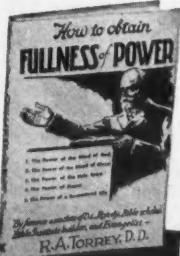
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THE New Books

Reviewed by
DANIEL A. POLING

MIRACLE IN THE HILLS, by Mary T. Martin Sloop, M.D., with Legette Blythe (McGraw-Hill, 232 pp., \$3.50).

Here is a vivid, adventurous story of a woman who, for more than forty years, has been a crusader in the mountains of North Carolina. She declares her personal war on moonshiners and tracks them down with a reluctant sheriff in tow. She fights against child marriages in a region where girls often married before they were fourteen. She revives the weaving trade, builds a church and a modern, well-equipped hospital. She did everything that a mortal could do and then, calling upon God, did even more. The story of Mary T. Martin Sloop is told in the vernacular of the southern mountains. It is a love story, her love story, because she loves the men, women and children whose bodies she healed, whose minds she enriched and whose souls she fed with the bread of life.

PEOPLE, PLACES, AND BOOKS, by Gilbert Highet (Oxford University Press, 277 pp., \$3.50).

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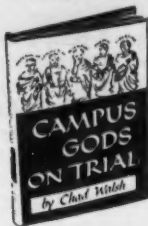
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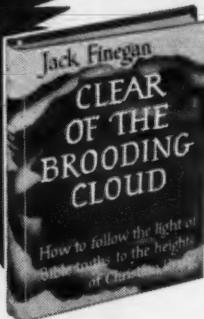
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SUNRISE

(Continued from page 31)

motion not only on Midge but on the other boys.

"You have a good bed," Mr. Jerry told him cheerily. "The breeze comes in that door and out this other door, and you're right in the middle."

Barney spoke up, "My bed's better—see!" And he began bouncing to demonstrate.

Midge said nothing. When Mr. Jerry told the boys to change to their camp clothes, he, along with the others, began peeling off his "good" things. Barney had finished and raced out on the broad, shaded porch before Midge had his tee-shirt over his head.

As the days passed, that's the way it went. Barney always got where he was going first. Midge always got there last.

But in spite of their differences, the two boys gravitated toward each other. When Midge caught up with Barney, they would sit down together at the edge of the sparkling swimming pool, or on a flat rock in the woods, or on a bench in the craft house, or in "Fort Plenty," the airy dining hall that lived up to its name three times a day.

Mr. Jerry, wise in the ways of boys, watched them both, and his brow wrinkled. He found opportunities to talk with them alone—maybe while he and a youngster were bending over a skillet at a cookout, or sitting a little apart from the others on the sloping green campus lawn during a sunning.

It was on one of those times that he asked Barney, "How about thinking of other people, for a change?"

Barney said forthrightly, "Why?" and darted away.

To Midge, Mr. Jerry had a chance to say, "You have a nice name. Your real name, I mean. Theodore. I saw it on your card," he explained. Mr. Jerry looked down gently at the small, rounded shoulders of the boy, the thin arms, the tight, small-boned features. Hoping to find an opening, he asked casually, "How'd you get yourself a nickname like Midge?"

The boy looked up, his eyes suddenly hard. "Guess!" he said with surprising bitterness, the unhappiness and fear of nine years spilling over.

RAY FOSTER, the ministerial student who was chaplain for the summer, was aware of the two boys. Midge came slowly into the first service at Children's Temple after everyone else was seated, stumbled along a pewful of youngsters until he reached the husky Barney, and squeezed in by his side.

When Mr. Ray asked everyone, "What hymn would you like to sing to start our service?" Barney shouted,

"Roll Out the Barrel!" When another child suggested only a little less appropriately, "Home on the Range," Ray began to realize that the youngsters didn't even know what a hymn was, let alone the names of any.

"I'm going to teach you a song that I think you'll like," Ray announced. "It's called 'Jesus Loves Me.' It goes like this—" And as the rich tones of the pipe organ struck up the tune so familiar to so many generations of children, and so unfamiliar to these youngsters, Ray sang the words, clearly, firmly:

*Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.*

"Now, all together," he said, his arm uplifted, and on the downbeat the shrill voices sang out, gaining assurance as they went. They would learn, he decided.

The next day as he was crossing the big lawn, Ray felt a tug at his hand.

"Why, hello," he said to the little boy trying to match his pace. "You're Midge, aren't you?"

The little boy nodded seriously. "That's not my real name."

"No?" Ray asked.

"No. It's—you won't laugh?"

"Of course I won't laugh."

MIDGE dropped his eyes. "It's—Theodore. Then he looked up out of the corner of his eye. Mr. Ray wasn't laughing. Taking courage, the boy said, skipping to catch up to Mr. Ray's stride, "I liked that song we sang last night. That one, 'Jesus Loves Me.'"

"It's a nice song," Ray agreed.

"The part I liked best," the little boy pondered aloud, "was where it said that God is strong!"

Ray's fingers closed on the boy's hand, and he unobtrusively slowed his pace. "God can help us all to be strong," he said simply. After a moment he added quietly, "Theodore. That's quite a name. Did you know that it means something?"

"What does it mean?" Midge asked.

"It means, 'Gift of God,'" said Ray.

Midge's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Hey! Is that right?"

"That's right," Ray told him solemnly.

"Hey! Theodore. That's me!"

BUT it was not Mr. Jerry nor Mr. Ray who was in on the finish of the story. As the age-old words have it, one or many may sow, and somewhere, sometime, someone reaps.

It was Mr. Bob who did the reaping. Jerry had put it to his boys. "Would

you like to camp out—all night long? With Mr. Bob, the nature man?"

"You bet!" declared Barney. "And I hope a big old bear comes along!"

The others voted with equal readiness for the campout—all but Midge.

"Midge—?" asked Mr. Jerry. "What do you say? Everybody has his say at 'Mont Lawn.'"

Midge turned to look at the hill behind the campus. It looked very big. The path was steep. It was dark between the close-growing trees. Even so, for a moment his eyes lighted as if he had remembered something. But before he could speak, Barney interrupted.

"If any old bear comes along, I'll bust him in the nose!"

Midge's eyes clouded. "O.K.," he said, but without enthusiasm. "I'll go."

THAT night, on the top of the hill, while the campfire burned low, Mr. Bob talked with the boys. He used words that he so often used when he was with a group of boys on the hill. "Your bed tonight is God's earth. Your walls are the trees. Your ceiling is the stars. Instead of going to sleep right away in your sleeping bags, if you look up for a little while—over and around you—you will know a little more about God than you did before."

And just before they turned in, to snuggle deep in their bags, to breathe unsullied air, to listen to the gentle wind in the trees, Mr. Bob heard a small voice whisper through the darkness. "Mr. Bob!"

"Yes?" Bob answered.

"Mr. Bob, would you please wake me to see the sunrise? I never saw one."

"Sure, Midge."

"Me, too!" came a deeper, brasher voice, the first time at "Mont Lawn" that Barney had fallen behind Midge.

And after the light of the fire flickered and died, making rustling sounds

as logs turned to ashes and crumbled, silence finally came to the fire, to the boys and to Mr. Bob.

THE SKY was still dark when Mr. Bob gently shook Midge and Barney.

Instantly the two were sitting bolt upright in their sleeping bags. They looked across the Hudson Valley, to where Mr. Bob pointed. Down below was the river, a faint silver streak. Across the valley were the hills of Westchester. And then as they watched, the darkness lightened. They could see the clear outline of the hills. The sky turned gray, then gold.

While the panorama unfolded, Midge and Barney watched, their eyes wide. The two little boys who had never seen the sun come up, watched now as a great ball of fire leaped into the sky from behind the hills, touching river and valley with a beauty that never comes to the city slums.

The boys watched the sky, and Mr. Bob, lying in his bedroll, watched the boys, with the sky fire reflecting in their faces and something more reflecting there too.

Barney, the little kid who was always first, always loudest, always toughest, looked up in the light of the sunrise and said slowly, "It makes me feel so awfully small!"

And Midge, the little kid who was always last, always quietest—the weak little boy who needed Someone who was strong—shook his head slowly and said in tones filled with wonder and firmness, "It makes me feel very big!"

"Barney, Midge—better turn in," Mr. Bob whispered. "Still too early to get up."

"O.K.," said Barney.

"O.K.," said the other. "But the name isn't Midge. It's Theodore." He crawled deep into his bag. "Or Ted!" he added gruffly.

And Mr. Bob grinned to himself there in the morning light. **END**

LAW OF THE LAND

(Continued from page 29)

line by line. There must be some way to use those dividends!

I began looking again—and then the answer stared me in the face, as plain as the bow of a battleship.

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\$35 in dividends on the desk in front of me was more than enough to have kept the insurance in effect until the day the veteran died.

A warm feeling went over me as I thought of Roberta Robertson, sitting in her home only a mile or two away, with four little tykes to feed and provide for. What would she say when she received my letter telling her that she would receive \$10,000? How would she look? What would she think, and what would she do?

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THE CRAB APPLE TREE

(Continued from page 22)

in sudden appeal. "How would it be, Jake, if I made a date at the beauty parlor for before the meeting Monday, so as to make me look somewhat like the others?" Color burned her cheeks. "Maybe you think I'm crazy, expecting a beauty parlor to do anything for me."

"They'd have a hard time making you any prettier, if that's what you mean," Jake said stoutly. "But I'm willing for 'em to try."

"Oh, Jake!" Elizabeth turned abruptly to lay her head on his shoulder. "You're the best man. . ."

"Hmmm," said Jake embarrassedly, but he swung into the farmyard with a proud flourish that scattered the chickens.

Elizabeth had hoped there'd be time before her beauty parlor appointment Monday afternoon to stop at the library one last time. She wasn't at all satisfied with her paper. It sounded jerky, like a cracked phonograph record, or was that just the strangled, self-conscious way she read it aloud?

But on Monday, what with the washing and baking, it didn't look for awhile that she'd even make the beauty parlor. She hurried faster and faster between stove and wash-tubs, and nearly cried with vexation when the hired man's children tracked dirt on her back porch after she'd scrubbed it.

"I'm going to speak to Jake about that family, I really am," she promised herself.

Her oldest boy, Brad, drove her into town, though she knew Jake had work for him. It troubled Elizabeth to realize what a bother she was making, but it was good to know she'd have the prop of a professionally tailored appearance to get her through tonight's ordeal. If she looked like the town women . . . maybe she'd sound like them, too.

She was shy and silent throughout the unfamiliar ordeal of having her hair shampooed and set in pin-curls and waves. Her head, bristling with clamps and pins, looked grotesque in the mirror. She kept her eyes down after one quick glance, studying her work-worn hands as they crossed and recrossed in her lap. If only there were some way to disguise those farm-wife hands!

She peeked at the other customers as her operator led her to a dryer. One woman was having a manicure; her nails glowed smoothly scarlet against the white cloth. Elizabeth, ducking under the dryer, remembered wistfully the similarly tinted perfection of her fellow Art Club members' hands.

The noisy dryer was enough to frighten a body out of her senses, roaring on and on till Elizabeth was sure her ear drums had burst and she would never hear again. Her voice was un-

naturally loud as the operator turned off the machine at last.

"I think I'll have a manicure!" she said.

Once the words were out, she was shocked at their sound. A manicure, for goodness sakes, on top of all this other expense! She hadn't known the words were on her tongue till they burst out into the pool of silence left by the dryer. But now that they were spoken, Elizabeth did not revoke them. More than her hands needed the manicure; her courage needed it. And her pride, too.

Brad was waiting outside for her when she was done at last. He whistled outrageously, and Elizabeth blushed.

"Pa won't like your taking the afternoon off," she said, climbing into the car. "I could've walked, just as well."

"Walk! A good-lookin' gal like you?" Brad teased.

Hastily, Elizabeth changed the subject. "I suppose those young ones of the hired man have been dirtying my porch again."

"No, they were helpin' Bill clean out the machine shed when I came away. Luggin' oil rags and scrap over to the trash can."

"Well, if they were making themselves useful, it was going against nature," Elizabeth commented. "Unless they're figuring on asking a favor. They've been teasing Pa to put a light to that old straw-stack. Bonfire crazy, those young ones!"

THE old car swept into the driveway, swinging wide around the curve to miss the big oil drum full of trash that stood under the apple tree. From the other side of the tree the hired man's children peered out, and as suddenly vanished.

Elizabeth went straight to her bedroom to remove her good dress and put on a clean faded house-dress. From the bedroom window she saw Brad loping toward the south forty where the men were at work. She peeked shyly in the mirror, touched her hair, smiled at the pink nails against the smooth waves.

But she had no time for day-dreaming if she was to be through supper by seven. Briskly she pattered down the steps, through the kitchen to the back entry where the can of gasoline for the stove was kept.

But it wasn't there.

In the click of a second, Elizabeth knew its whereabouts. The hired man's young ones and their gabble about bonfires! Quick as thought, she sped out the door and around the house, in time to see a sheet of flame go up with a roar from the oil drum in the driveway!

Elizabeth screamed. Three dancing

shadows detached themselves from the thick black smoke and streaked for cover. The empty gasoline can rolled and rattled down the driveway. The flames spiraled high, licking at the dry branches of the old crab apple tree.

Elizabeth screamed again in wordless pain. She grabbed up the first implement that lay at hand, a garden fork, and rushed at the big drum. Like some weird Don Quixote, she tilted fiercely with her blazing enemy, leaping out of the way of the wind-tossed flames, stabbing, jabbing, shoving with her awkward weapon, grunting as she heaved against the heavy drum.

Suddenly, a hoe joined the fork in pressure on the oil drum's side. The big container wavered, teetered, crashed to the driveway and rolled harmlessly to an open space. Elizabeth turned dizzily to see Aran panting at her side, hoe in hand, his school books slung down in the driveway.

THEN the men were thundering up from the fields, wild alarm in their eyes till they found the source of the smoke.

Sooty-faced, Elizabeth brandished her fork at them. "It's all right!"

Jake mopped his forehead. "Fire get started in those old rags? Why didn't you just leave it go?"

"But the tree!" Elizabeth cried. "It was right under the crab apple tree!"

"Great grief, Ma!" Brad cried in honest dismay. "You should see your face! It's fairly fried!"

Elizabeth put a startled hand to her hot cheek, then drew it away as quickly to stare in horror at the hand itself. Where were the rounded pink nails, the soft, creamed skin? Her hands were black and blistered, the nails broken, her fine manicure a vanished dream.

With a sob, Elizabeth fled.

Supper had to be started immediately; there was no time now to do more than wash her hands and face. Her lips tight against the despairing words behind them, Elizabeth scurried from sink to stove, from ice-house to table. In equal silence, Aran followed her, taking the heavier loads from her hands, remembering his chores without a reminder. There was something comradely about his awkward young body, sticking so close by. In spite of her sore disappointment, Elizabeth began to feel comfort cradling her heart. With the last dish for supper on the stove, Elizabeth slipped off to her bedroom to face the damage. It was worse even than she'd guessed. The pretty waves of her hair were frizzy; her eyebrows were two singed patches, and her face was a burning dark color.

"Oh, I can't go to that meeting tonight!" cried Elizabeth desperately. "I can't get up there in front of those well-dressed women, looking like this!"

She'd phone Mrs. Lansvale—tell her

there'd been an accident. Maybe it would have been cowardice to back out before, but now she had a good legitimate excuse. Mrs. Lansvale herself could fill out the program with an impromptu talk that would be better than Elizabeth's painstaking paper.

But with her hand on the receiver, she checked herself, listening to a sound from the kitchen, the patient clumsy sound of a big spoon bumping round and round a pan on the stove. Aran, bless his heart, tending to her cooking so she needn't interrupt her preparations for tonight's all-important meeting! Aran, who had told his teacher, his friends, "My mom's gonna give a paper. You can read all about it in the *Clarion*!"

Aran of the understanding heart. How wrong she'd been to think only a daughter could be heart-close! God knew better.

Elizabeth smiled a little ruefully at her burned hand on the receiver. Maybe Aran would say it wasn't ugly at all. Aran saw things with eyes different from most people.

Was that how artists saw things, too? Looking past roughness and homeliness, as this Grant Wood had, to see a stubborn, meaningful beauty, and with his brush show it also to others. Why, she'd bet Grant Wood could have painted the apple tree so everybody saw what she and Aran saw—the tall straight spirit of it behind the crooked limbs bent and twisted from years of fighting blizzards and drought and big winds but still putting out sweet blossoms every spring!

Elizabeth's hand dropped from the receiver. Why, she had no reason to fear the meeting tonight, nor need of fancy looks to bolster her confidence! Instead of trying to give those women back big words they already knew far better than she, she'd just talk to them as to friends, tell them how she felt about Grant Wood, who looked at farm things with an artist's eyes, who would have known that the unyielding spirit of the crooked old apple tree was like a farmer, stooped with years and toil and his eternal struggle with Nature, but somehow in the process becoming one with Nature, dogged, undefeatable.

With new confidence, Elizabeth walked into the kitchen. "You're a good boy to help, Aran," she said. "I wouldn't want to be late to the meeting."

Capably, she took charge of the final dinner preparations. Her hands moved efficiently among the pots and pans . . . good strong purposeful hands, Elizabeth thought, glancing down at them, with the record of their sturdy labor written plain for all to see.

Kind of like the crab apple tree, her hands were. With an honorable dignity of their own that no manicure could ever bestow.

THE END

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Picture of the Month

"This is Cinerama"

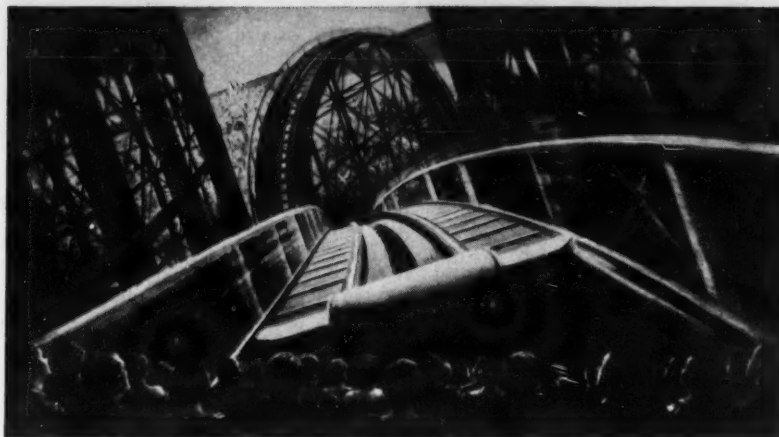
HERE is the latest wonder in visual entertainment, achieving breathtaking realism by means of a long, curved screen requiring three synchronized projectors, and skillfully placed amplifiers that seem to follow the source of the sound. Already being shown in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles and Chicago, "Cinerama" will be available in some twenty additional cities by fall.

The initial release, while not a connected story, is a vivid and absorbing demonstration of what "Cinerama" offers.

Lowell Thomas gives an interesting introduction by retracing how man has endeavored to reproduce what he sees, from the earliest cave wall paintings to film projection. Thus we come to "Cinerama" in which the audience has the illusion of participating in an adventure of motion.

Beginning with a roller coaster ride in an amusement park, the selection of subjects to be seen and heard will satisfy all tastes. Gliding along Venetian canals, enjoying a magnificent performance of *Aida*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Realistic depth illusion of new film technique "Cinerama" sweeps audiences onto a breathtaking roller coaster ride or into the sky high above the mountains.

at Milan's La Scala, joining in applause for a Spanish folk dancing festival at Saragossa, listening to the fresh voices of the Vienna Boys Choir in the beautiful gardens of Schoenbrunn palace, witnessing the gathering of the Scottish clans at Edinburgh castle—bring foreign lands to the seat one occupies.

The second part of the program returns us to America the beautiful. After an extended visit to Cypress Gardens in Florida, where the aquatic prowess of bathing beauties and the decorative possibilities of "southern belles" are exploited,

an air tour of the continent, from New York's waterfront to San Francisco's Golden Gate, across our fruited plains and above mountain majesties, brings a thrill of pride and appreciation. Above the Rockies, down between the ridges of canyons, skimming along great reaches of desert country, the beholder goes on his awesome way, seeing with the eye of the photographer in a plane, feeling as if he himself has wings. This is America as very few have seen it! The visual magnificence is greatly enhanced by the music of the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir. **F**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

A—Adults; Y—Young people;

F—Family

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

Films starred thus (★) are of exceptional merit.

★ **SHANE** (Paramount). In this western, the familiar theme of homesteaders battling cattle rangers is enlarged to epic proportions. The regeneration of a gunman, Shane, is interrupted when he decides to take the law into his own hands to protect a family of homesteaders. Riding into a troubled situation, he settles it with violence. With the boy who has learned to admire him he leaves the idea that protection of family and property may even mean killing. The plot, which majors on antagonism between groups, is within the possibility of history and folklore, and accordingly shows drinking scenes and ruthless uncompromising fighting. Generally well acted and discerningly directed. Exciting Technicolor. **A, Y**

★ **THE DESERT RATS** (20th Century-Fox). During the siege of Tobruk, the garrison was held by ragged, seemingly

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

undisciplined Australian troops who learned commando tactics the hard way. The film tells this story. Although the caliber of the men is responsible for their valor, a great deal of their success is credited to the initiative of an uncompromising and skilled English officer the men dislike at first. An encounter between him and his old teacher who has come to be a soldier "on a wave of beer suds," is an interesting factor. Screen story, acting and camera work are superior. The interlacing of authentic battle scenes is skillfully done. This is the kind of picture which shows what free men can do in battle and demonstrates also the well-known saying of General Sherman regarding war. **A, Y**

★ **I BELIEVE IN YOU** (Universal-International). Directed with great finesse, filmed in London and acted by an excellent cast, here is an entertaining, educational and inspiring film with great social implications. Retiring from colonial service, a London bachelor becomes assistant probation officer at a magistrate's court,

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

after an encounter with an adolescent delinquent. At the end of a year he reviews his "cases." At first his interest had been detached; gradually he has learned new compassion and finds his life has become completely involved with the lives of his charges. He resolves to carry on and salvage human lives. The story is so convincing that one feels vitally concerned for all those brought to court. Bits of humor are welcome. **A, Y**

MAHATMA GANDHI—20th CENTURY PROPHET (United Artists). This documentary of feature length retraces the career of Gandhi, from his student days in England to his assassination by a political fanatic in 1948. There is excellent continuity in the film sequences gathered from numerous sources and supplemented by a commentary narrated by Quentin Reynolds. Gandhi's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," recurs throughout the musical score. The film is informational and poised in its presentation. **A, Y**

BRIGHT ROAD (MGM). A young school teacher meets her first class in a southern Negro school. The children in her room are an interesting group with the good and bad traits of normal children, except for "C. T." He has been regarded as a problem, but she finds him only "different." He loves the woods, the birds, the crawling caterpillar, his hound dog. The teacher's approach to the boy's diffi-

Film Reviews and Ratings by the

PROTESTANT MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL

CHRISTIAN HERALD

culties, her handling of her class, the touching story of a child's death, the discovery of C. T.'s true nature, the beautiful lessons bearing on the mysteries of life and death to be derived from a moment of heroism and the metamorphosis of a caterpillar into a butterfly, are all part of a deep experience in the development and understanding of the human spirit. This is a good family film, well acted. Although a child's point of view is carefully maintained, the teacher's problems as well as presented here in clear and simple terms. **F**

TITANIC (20th Century-Fox). The sinking of the liner *Titanic* on April 15, 1912, is history. The film is a dramatic reenactment of that tragic event during which 1500 of her 2200 passengers and crew lost their lives. While many characters, known and unknown, find their places in the plot, the story revolves about the personal relationships of an American family. In different ways, several persons are confronted with truth about life. Episodes which are a matter of record are more interesting than the fictional additions. The film is generally well acted throughout. **A, Y**

SALOME (Columbia). This is a Technicolor story of ancient depravity slanted to the modern audience. Many liberties have been taken with the Bible's brief account of the part Salome played in the death of John the Baptist. **Objectionable**

PICK UP ON SOUTH STREET (20th Century-Fox). According to this story, one may break all the laws of common decency but be socially absolved if one turns anti-Communist. Violence, brutality, deception, murder are prevalent. A sensual and amoral girl who unknowingly has been the courier for subversive elements discovers herself to be a patriot and inspires a pickpocket to heroic action; a personal feud exists between a police detective and a criminal; incriminating evidence is bargained for. Even though subversive forces are subdued and their plans foiled, this propaganda film gives a wrong and dangerous approach to the remedy of a serious situation. Good photography. **A**

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVER MOON (Warners). An entertaining and pleasant Technicolor comedy about a family in a Midwestern town at the close of World War I. The parents are approaching their twentieth wedding anniversary, the young daughter is considering marriage to her returned soldier sweetheart, and the thirteen-year-old son with an overactive imagination creates complications and a near-scandal. Many of the situations are inspired by episodes in Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" stories. Family pleasures, such as a skating party and Thanksgiving dinner, are featured. Popular songs of the period add a gay note. **F**

IT HAPPENS EVERY THURSDAY (Universal-International). Here is energetic, purposeful, lighthearted, clean comedy. A young New York couple purchase a declining newspaper in a small California town. After many difficulties, they

run it successfully and become part of a congenial community. Cooperation in work and family life is shown as desirable; each new difficulty is a challenge to the couple who gladly proclaim that theirs is a good marriage. Enjoyable. **F**

TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY (Warners). This story begins in a warm, humorous vein but turns into a problem-laden melodrama with contradictory factors in religion and ethics. When a Roman Catholic college is about to be closed because of financial difficulties, the elderly head of the college hires a formerly famous coach to make the team good enough to raise the funds needed. Because of his unethical methods, the coach gets into trouble. His personal affairs, aired in domestic relations court, complicate the situation. The story tends to drag; there is a great deal of drinking; the belated disavowal of dishonest football practices is canceled by the coach's unrepentant attitude. **A**

LONE HAND (Universal). A young boy who has traveled West with his widowed father to settle on a farm tells the story of his father's change from a good to a seemingly bad man. His narration makes it possible to discern his thoughts and doubts which, in loyalty to his father, he has to bear alone. The story involves not only the experiences of father and son, but the misdeeds of robbers who hold up stage coaches and are sought by Pinkerton agents. The unquestioning loyalty of the boy for his father is commendable throughout. **F**

THE ASSASSIN (United Artists). Suspense and political intrigue in Venice. Filmed "on the spot." **A, Y**

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR (20th Century-Fox). Grandiose musical comedy. **A, Y**
CODE TWO (MGM). A police rookie encounters crime and danger. **A, Y**

SCARED STIFF (Warners). Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis comedy melange. **A, Y**

THE SYSTEM (Warners). "Crime does not pay" in a nationwide gambling syndicate setting. **A, Y**

JAMAICA RUN (Paramount). Murder, voodoo, arson, drinking. Technicolor. **A**

TAKE ME TO TOWN (Universal). Rugged western. Technicolor. **A, Y**

FAST COMPANY (MGM). Horse racing, gambling and drinking. **A**

LAW AND ORDER (Universal-International). Violent western. Interesting scenery in Technicolor. **A, Y**

MAN IN THE DARK (Columbia). Gangsters and crime in 3-D. **A, Y**

POWDER RIVER (20th Century-Fox). Mediocre western. **A, Y**

THE BIG FRAME (RKO). "Whodunit" melodrama. **A**

RAIDERS OF THE SEVEN SEAS (United Artists). Pirate melodrama. Technicolor. **A, Y**

FAIR WIND TO JAVA (Republic). Pirates, hidden treasure, violence. Technicolor. **A, Y**

THE WOMAN THEY ALMOST LYNCHED (Republic). Brawling Civil War western. **A**

THE GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING (MGM). Unsavory film that has nothing. **A**

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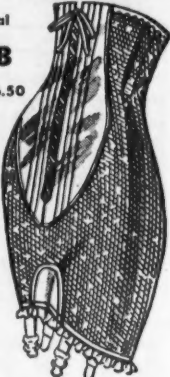
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Communism and Churches

TO THE EDITORS:

The article, "The Communists Are After Your Church!" by Herbert A. Philbrick (April, '53) causes me grave concern. . . . I am afraid it will do more harm than good. On page 18 Mr. Philbrick writes, "The Reds have planted secret Communists in pulpits . . . have infiltrated seminaries." On page 19, "The Communists have gone far in their seduction of church young people."

These sentences, and others like them, will be quoted when the sound and sensible advice with which the article concludes are forgotten or ignored. The objectionable thing about them is their vagueness and the lack of all specification. . . . On page 18, "I believe it is no unsurmountable task to sort out honest liberals from dishonest Communists." As a liberal, I want to know how far I may go in criticism of our government, our economic order, and of public figures like Senator McCarthy, without incurring suspicion of being either a Communist or a fellow traveler. . . . What is a Christian liberal to do, when he finds Communists supporting a cause he himself advocates?

West Haven, Conn. W. H. ROBERTS

. . . I have criticized your magazine for some things which do not meet with my approval. However, I more than compliment you for "The Communists Are After Your Church!"

Haviland, Kansas (REV.) ALDEN PITTS

. . . Mr. Philbrick is himself confusing the issue. The answer to Communism is to more fully practice the teachings of our Lord and to recognize the transcendent nature of our existence.

Dallas, Texas ROGER B. KENNEDY (Methodist Theological Student)

. . . Mr. Philbrick's comprehensive report is the first clear explanation yet available to the American public of Communist infiltration tactics in this field; you are to be congratulated for your courageous stand on this complex and confused issue.

Babylon, N. Y. FREDERIC J. SCHROEDER

. . . I fear the article may be playing into the hands of the Communists in their attempt to create distrust of the Church and its leaders. It will provide "ammunition" for those who condemn a minister as a Communist or "fellow-traveler" simply because he holds a liberal position in theology, economics and politics. . . . Let us guard ourselves well against the Communists and be awake to the danger to our churches. But, at the same time, let

us not make the mistake of thinking that a belief in capitalism and a devotion to "America right or wrong" are two of the necessary qualifications of every Christian.

Mt. Shasta, Calif. (REV.) NEWELL P. KNUDSON

. . . The article is startling. If the church members themselves don't clean house, then they will find some committee like the Velde Committee doing it for them.

Scranton, Pa. FRANK K. MAHER

. . . I am greatly concerned about the article. I appreciate that Mr. Philbrick has been very forthright and completely careful all the way through, and yet I believe that publication by CHRISTIAN HERALD may tend to increase rather than lessen the unfair suspicion that has been launched by irresponsible members in the Congress in connection with all ministers. . . . It seems to me that you have, even though with the best of intentions, furnished a club to those who believe the "woods are full of Communist ministers."

Rochester, N. Y. (REV.) HUGH CHAMBERLIN BURR

(The Federation of Churches of Rochester and Vicinity)

. . . It is an eye-opening experience to see what Communism does to people. . . . I want to keep a social conscience, but I don't want to be subverted.

Burbank, Calif. (MRS.) W. PAUL JONES

. . . Is this just another article capitalizing on our hysterical fears and contributing to the general distrust and suspicion of everyone and everything around us from our government to our churches?

Denmark, S. C. (REV.) W. F. HARRIS

● Mr. Philbrick's reply: "First of all, the last half of my article listed any number of 'don'ts'—including not to go looking under every pulpit for a Communist. I have every confidence that our church people are perfectly able to consider the facts and then to apply their best reasoned judgment to the problem. Second, I don't see how I could 'capitalize' on our 'hysterical fears' when there are no hysterical fears in the first place. In the past four years I have been from coast to coast, have visited schools, colleges, churches, business and trade associations and have seen about as wide and representative a cross-section of this country as anyone could. And I can report unequivocally that the Communist slogan of 'hysteria' is as mythical as any fairy tale written. The American people are not hysterical, not fearful. But, they are getting smarter, day by day; and every day they become smarter, the Communists are defeated that much more."

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Men and women everywhere are losing as much weight as they wish since they discovered this amazing, scientific way to reduce. You can take off 10-20-30 lbs. and still eat 3 tasty, well-balanced meals every day. It's really FUN to REDUCE with the Dr. Phillips KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM REDUCING PLAN. Why even think of any other way to reduce when you can lose pounds and inches and have fun doing it. Don't just wish for a slimmer more attractive figure! You can easily reduce to a beautiful, slim, glamorous figure, which will give you praise, win new friends, romance and popularity. Don't deny yourself what you've been wishing for . . . send for your 25 day supply of Improved Formula KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan this very minute. 100% guaranteed! GOOD FOR MEN TOO!

You must lose weight . . . up to 5 lbs. a week . . . or YOU DON'T PAY ONE PENNY. Your friends . . . your mirror . . . and your scale must tell you that you have lost ugly fat and excess weight, or your money back. What can you lose but unwanted pounds and inches, so send the coupon right away. GOOD FOR MEN TOO!

**12 DAY
Supply
Only**

\$1.00

Money-Back Guarantee! 10 Day Free Trial!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing Dr. Phillips KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM REDUCING PLAN for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have lost weight and look slimmer you pay nothing.

SENT ON APPROVAL — MAIL COUPON NOW!

**AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS COMPANY, Dept. CH-961
318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.**

Just mail us your name and address and \$1.00 cash, check or money-order. You will receive a 12 day supply of KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM (Improved Formula), and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan postage prepaid.

Name.....

Address.....

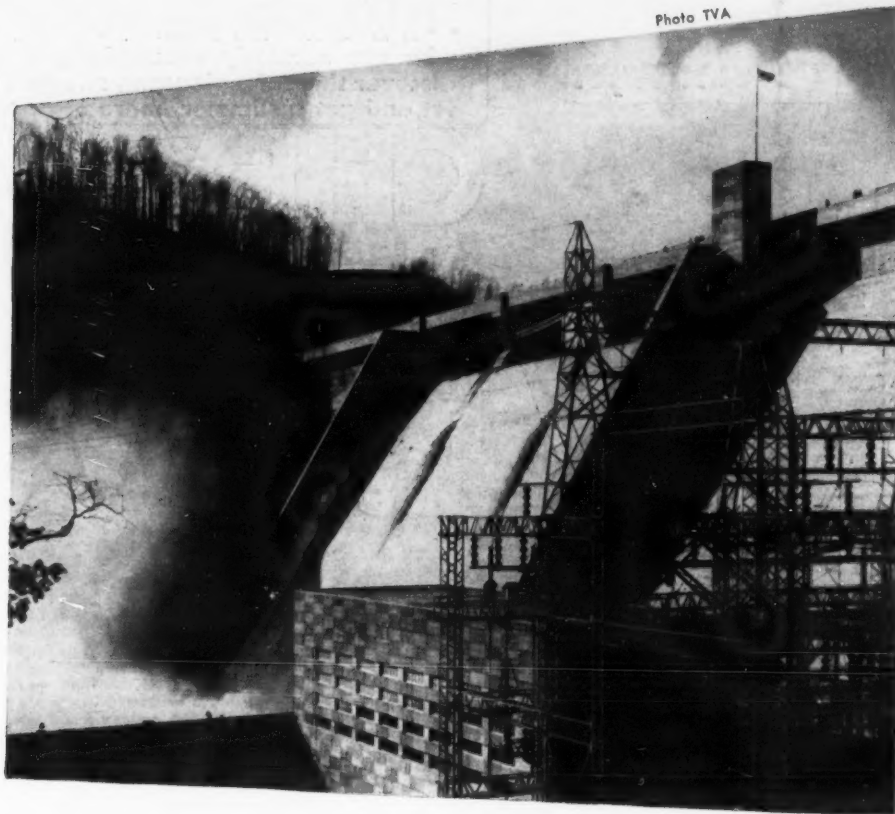
City..... State.....

☐ Send me Special 24 day supply and FREE 12 day package for \$2.00. I understand that if I am not delighted with KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

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